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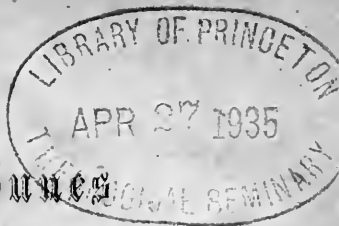
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# Hymns and Tunes



FOR THOSE WHO KEEP

## THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD

AND

## THE FAITH OF JESUS.

✓  
✓  
*Seventh-day Adventists. General conference*

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. EPH. v, 19.

I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv, 15.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

1876.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS Book of Hymns and Tunes is designed to promote not only public worship, but also social and family devotions. Singing is an important part of the worship of God ; and those who would worship him in spirit and in truth, should seek to express truthful sentiments in all their songs of praise. Our object has been to select and prepare Hymns of worth and poetic merit, which express the faith and hope of the church as set forth in the Scriptures of truth, and which are free from the prevailing errors of our time.

But as most Hymns sustain some one or more of the popular fables of the times, our task in selecting has been difficult. And that this collection is free from defects, and will be received by all without objections, is too much to expect. But from the patience that has been manifested toward us in past labors for the church, we may hope that its imperfections will be excused. The music introduced

into this Book will greatly promote uniformity and correctness in singing.

To the people of God, waiting for the coming and kingdom of Christ, is this Book commended, humbly hoping that it may prove a means of increasing their love to God and his worship, and aid them in the preparation necessary to associate with the redeemed, to sing the New Song on Mount Zion.

GEN. CONF. COMMITTEE.

*Battle Creek, May, 1876.*



# HYMNS AND TUNES.

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## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1

C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
My offering shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
How great thy grace to me !  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move ;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

## Duke Street. L. M.

Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations

The first system of musical notation for 'Duke Street. L. M.' consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations' are written below the first staff.

bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is' are written below the first staff.

God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics 'God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.' are written below the first staff.

2

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3 L. M.

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;  
His glorious name let all adore,  
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be his name, supremely blest,  
From the sun's rising to its rest,  
Who in the riches of his grace,  
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan  
Of those who sit and weep alone ;  
He lifts the mourner from the dust ;  
In him the poor may safely trust.

4 Oh ! then, aloud, in joyful lays,  
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise ;  
His saving name let all adore,  
From age to age, for evermore.

4 L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,  
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard ;  
Oh ! may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,  
May all, at length, in Heaven appear.

## Ames. L. M.

High in the heavens Eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines;

Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils thy just and wise designs.

5

L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils thy just and wise designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise as the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of thy house  
We still shall find a sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.



- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

## 6

L. M.

- 1 LORD, grant thy blessing here to-day ;  
Oh ! give thy people joy and peace ;  
The tokens of thy love display,  
And favor that shall never cease.
- 2 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
His path of light we long to tread ;  
Here be his holy doctrines taught,  
And here their purest influence shed.
- 3 May faith, and hope, and love, abound ;  
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;  
And we, from day to day, be found  
Children of God and heirs of Heaven.

## 7

L. M.

- 1 GO, preach my gospel, saith the Lord ;  
Bid the whole world my grace receive ;  
He shall be saved who trusts my word ;  
And they condemned who disbelieve.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end ;  
All power is vested in my hands ;  
I can destroy, and I defend.
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to Heaven he rode ;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended Lord.

## McCabe. L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross On which

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'McCabe. L. M.' is shown. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody staff in treble clef, a piano accompaniment staff in treble clef, and a bass line staff in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a half note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half rest. The piano accompaniment and bass line provide harmonic support.

the Prince of glory died, My richest gain

The second system of musical notation continues the hymn. The vocal melody staff has a half rest for the first two measures, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a half note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a half rest. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue with their respective parts.

I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

The third system of musical notation concludes the hymn. The vocal melody staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a half note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half rest. The piano accompaniment and bass line provide the final harmonic support.

8

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 3 Since I, who was undone and lost,  
Have pardon through his name and word ;  
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

9

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And, oh ! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 10

L. M.

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
So high a dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given  
To be the sons and heirs of Heaven ;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 He teaches their young feet the way,  
And early leads them to obey ;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;  
Leads them from earth to Heaven above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.

## 11

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the humblest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious host of Heaven obey,  
And devils from thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

## 12

L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God, My King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.

## 13

L. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord ;  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee :  
Ah ! Lord, behold us at thy feet ;  
Let this the gate of Heaven be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face ;  
Oh ! speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place.

## Retreat. L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.

14

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither should we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on angels' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more ;  
The Lord comes down, our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh ! let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

15

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy-seat ;  
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me !

## Howard. C. M.

Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing, My

great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God

and King, The triumphs of his grace.



16

C. M.

- 1 OH, for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease !  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the cruel power of sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avails for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

17

C. M.

- 1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,  
Who, walking in his sight,  
Make all the precepts of his word  
Their study and delight.
- 2 Their works of piety and love  
Performed through Christ, their Lord,  
Forever registered above,  
Shall meet a sure reward.

## Harvey's Chant. C. M.

With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high com-  
mands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word; And tremble at his word.

18

C. M.

- 1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee  
Or truth compared with thine ?
- 3 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliv'rer sing ;  
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 4 O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Our life and joy, to thee  
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given  
Through all eternity.

19

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear ;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

20

C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King ;  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy ! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve our souls  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

## 21

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 To Him who reigns in worlds of light,  
The eternal King of Heaven,  
Be honor, majesty, and might,  
And praise and glory given.
- 5 Let all creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## 22

C. M.

- 1 BEFORE the gracious throne we bow  
Of Heaven's almighty King ;  
We here present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 2 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel  
With trust and holy fear ;  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 3 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

## 23

C. M.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God !  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before mine eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways ;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine—forever thine,—  
Oh, save thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

## 24

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake and praise that sovereign love  
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.

## Dove. S. M.



## 25

## S. M.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 Oh ! for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to Heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours ;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

## 26

S. M.

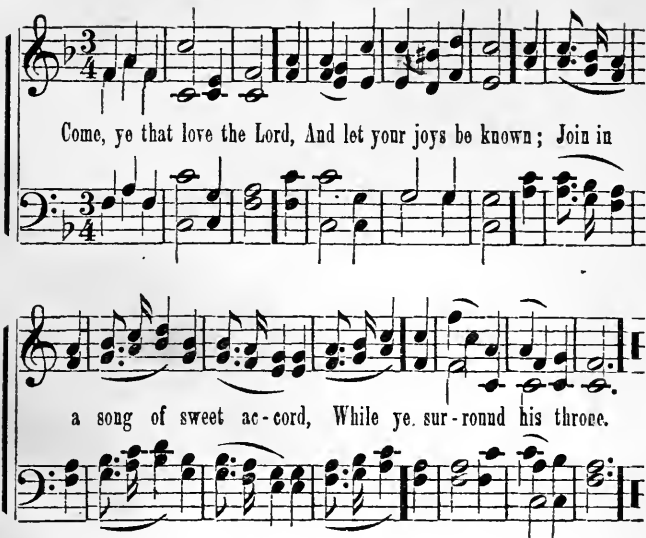
- 1 HOW holy God's commands !  
How just his precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Through each succeeding day ;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

## 27

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

## Gerar. S. M.



- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the Heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas:
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.



- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thought of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

## 29

S. M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
So sweet the tidings are :  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here ! "
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light ;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

## 30

S. M.

- 1 LORD, at this closing hour,  
Establish every heart  
Upon thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give ;  
Fill all our hearts with love ;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.

## Wilmot. 8s &amp; 7s.



## 31

## 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor  
Heavenly truth has reached our ears ;  
May its sweet reviving savor  
Fill our hearts, and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth ! how sacred is the treasure !  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;  
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,  
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,  
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;  
In the day of thine appearing,  
May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,  
May we live beneath thine eye ;  
This our aim, our sole endeavor,  
Thine to live, and thine to die.

## 32

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,  
Shine amid the clouds of night ;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe thy life and shed thy light :
- 2 Send us thine illumination ;  
Banish all our fears at length ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of unfailing strength.
- 3 Let that love which knows no measure,  
Now in quick'ning showers descend,  
Bringing us the richest treasure  
Man can wish or God can send :
- 4 Hear our earnest supplication ;  
Every struggling heart release ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of eternal peace.

## 33

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise him for his love divine !
- 3 For thy countless blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his name through earth and Heaven,  
Let his praise your tongues employ.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in Heaven our song we raise :  
Then enraptured fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

## Italian Hymn. 6s &amp; 4s.

Glory to God on high! Ye harpers of the sky, Praise ye his

name. { Ye saints his love a-dore, } Sing joyful, evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

## 34

6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !  
 Ye harpers of the sky,  
 Praise ye his name !  
 Ye saints his love adore,  
 Who all your sorrows bore ;  
 Sing joyful, evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb.
  
- 2 While they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name,—  
 Ye who have felt his blood  
 Sealing your peace with God,  
 Sound his dear name abroad,  
 Worthy the Lamb !
  
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless :

Praise ye his name !  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice,  
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 4 Soon shall we see his face,  
 And in that heavenly place,  
 We'll praise his name :  
 To him our songs we'll bring ;  
 Hail him our gracious King ;  
 And, through all ages sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb !

35

6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,  
 Wide through the earth abroad  
 Spread Jesus' fame :  
 Tell what his love hath done ;  
 Trust in his name alone ;  
 He is the lofty One,—  
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !  
 Dry up your mournful tears ;  
 Swell the glad theme :  
 To Christ, our gracious King,  
 Strike each melodious string ;  
 Join heart and voice to sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above,  
 Filled with the Saviour's love,  
 Dwell on his name !  
 There, too, may we be found,  
 With light and glory crowned,  
 While all the heavens resound,  
 Worthy the Lamb !

## Bonar. S. M. Double.

A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the

loved, who now Are sleeping in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for

that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood And take my sins away.

36

S. M. Double.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come ;  
And we shall meet the loved who now  
Are sleeping in the tomb :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore ;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings sore,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 4 'Tis but a little while,  
And he shall come again,  
Who died, that we might live, who lives  
That we may with him reign :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !

## Greenville. 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

FINE.

{ Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain de-sires, }  
 { Here our willing footsteps meeting, Every heart to Heaven aspires. }  
 Mercy from above proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.

D. C.

From the fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes.

## 37

## 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to Heaven aspires.  
 From the fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
 Mercy from above proclaiming  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?  
 Every pure and humble mind,  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the stains of guilt refined.  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none,  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.



38

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 LONG upon the mountains, weary,  
Have the scattered flock been torn ;  
Dark the desert paths, and dreary,—  
Grievous trials have they borne.  
Now the gathering call is sounding,  
Solemn in its warning voice ;  
Union, faith, and love, abounding,  
Bid the little flock rejoice.
- 2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,  
In its onward track pursue ;  
All the ten commandments keeping,  
They are holy, just, and true.  
On the words of life they're feeding,  
Precious to their taste so sweet ;  
All their Master's precepts heeding,  
Bowing humbly at his feet.
- 3 In that world of light and beauty,  
In that golden city fair,  
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,  
And of all its glories share.  
There, divine the soul's expansions ;  
Free from sin, and death, and pain ;  
Tears will never dim those mansions  
Where the saints immortal reign.
- 4 Soon He comes ! with clouds descending ;  
All his saints, entombed, arise ;  
The redeemed in anthems blending  
Shouts of vict'ry through the skies.  
Oh ! we long for thine appearing ;  
Come, O Saviour ! quickly come !  
Blessed hope ! our spirits cheering,  
Take thy ransomed children home.

## Beloved. 11s &amp; 8s.

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,

On whom, in affliction, I call; My comfort by day, and my

song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

## 39

11s &amp; 8s.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, Have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone ?  
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 3 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 4 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness, flow,  
To water the gardens of grace ;  
From which, their salvation the Gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

## 40

11s &amp; 8s.

- 1 BE joyful in God, to whom praises belong,  
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear ;  
Exult in his presence with music and song,  
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;  
And we are his people, his scepter we own ;  
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 Oh ! enter his gates with thanksgiving and praise,  
Your vows in his temple proclaim !  
His goodness declare in harmonious lays,  
And bless his adorable name.

## Warren. L. M.

O Thou to whom in ancient time, The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue,

41

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—
- 2 Not now on Zion's hight alone  
Thy favored worshipers may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—  
The incense of the heart—may rise  
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

42

L. M.

- 1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One !  
On thee our heart adoring calls ;  
To thee the followers of thy Son  
Have raised, and now devote, these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here  
As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;  
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,  
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,  
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

43

L. M.

- 1 HERE, in thy name, Eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for thee ;  
Oh ! choose it for thy fixed abode,  
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 When here thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
Still, by the power of his great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 And when our voices raise the song,  
Hosanna ! to our heavenly King,  
Let Heaven with earth the strain prolong ;  
Hosanna ! let the angels sing.

## 44 .

L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade :  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

## 45

C. M.

- 1 TO thee this temple we devote,  
Our Father and our God ;  
Accept it thine, and seal it now  
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,  
The voice of praise arise ;  
And may each lowly service prove  
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,  
And weep before his Lord ;  
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,  
And here his vows record.
- 4 Peace be within these sacred walls ;  
Prosperity be here ;  
Oh, smile upon thy people, Lord,  
And evermore be near.

46

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him,  
Praise him, angels in the hight ;  
Sun and moon rejoice before him :  
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
  - 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken :  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.
  - 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
  - 4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name.
- 

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

47

L. M.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hope secure,—  
This is thy word, and must endure.

## Hamburg. L. M.

1. I love the sacred book of God, No other can its place supply,  
It points me to the saints' abode, And bids me from destruction fly.

48

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God ;  
No other can its place supply ;  
It points me to the saints' abode,  
And bids me from destruction fly.
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord ;  
From thine instructive page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love ;  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And thus partake of joys above.
- 4 In thee I read my title clear  
To mansions that will ne'er decay ;  
Dear Lord, oh, when wilt thou appear,  
And bear my longing soul away !



- 5 Let now in them thy Spirit move  
 To animate thy people here ;  
 And may these truths our guardian prove,  
 Till in thy presence we appear.

49

L. M.

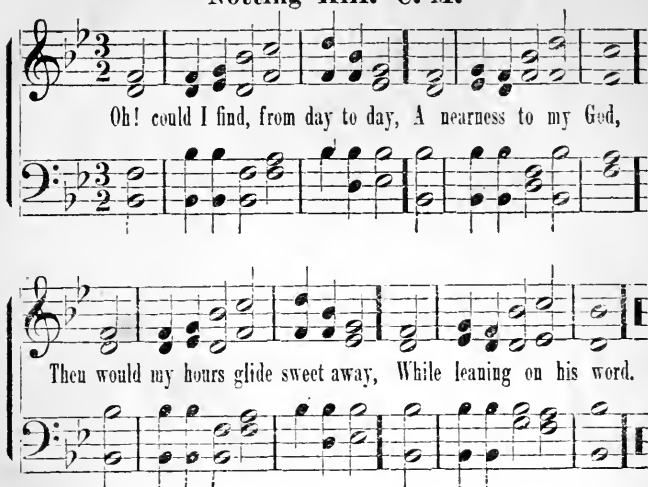
- 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
 With deep distress the spirit breaks,  
 Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree !  
 How wise and holy thy commands !  
 Thy promises, how firm they be,  
 How sure our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise  
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
 I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

50

L. M.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,  
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
 Its influence makes the sinner live ;  
 It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,  
 And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
 It brings a better world in view,  
 And guides us all our journey through.

## Notting Hill. C. M.



51

C. M.

- 1 OH! could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

52

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid  
Restores our wand'ring feet,  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet.
- 4 Oh ! may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour here.

53

C. M.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,  
Oh ! let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.
- 3 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears  
The threatenings of thy word ;  
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears  
The judgments of the Lord.
- 4 My God ! I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still ;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

## 54

C. M.

- 1 A GLORY in the word we find,  
When grace restores our sight;  
But sin has darkened all the mind,  
And veiled the heavenly light.
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,  
How bright the doctrines shine !  
Their holy fruits and sweetness show  
The Author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we, with open face  
To view thy glory, Lord,  
And all thy image here to trace,  
Reflected in thy word !
- 4 Oh ! teach us, as we look, to grow  
In holiness and love,  
That we may long to see and know  
Thy glorious face above.

## 55

C. M.

- 1 LET others boast of wealth or power,  
And glory in their pride ;  
Thy word, O God, we value more  
Than all the world beside.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,  
Are open to our sight ;  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold,  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above  
Directs our doubtful feet ;  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.

56

C. M

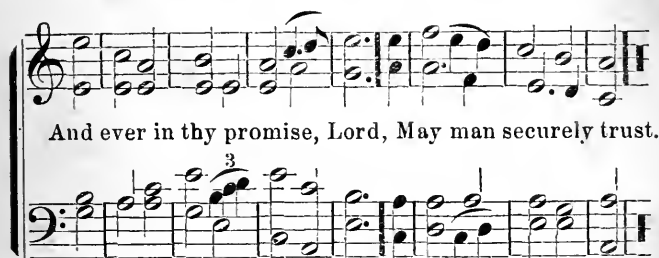
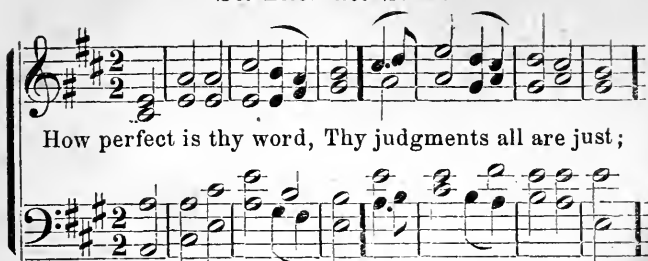
- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;  
I hate the sinner's road ;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God !
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

57

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 BLESSED Bible, how I love it !  
How it doth my bosom cheer !  
What hath earth like this to covet ?  
Oh ! what stores of wealth are here.
- 2 'Tis a fountain ever bursting,  
Whence the weary may obtain  
Water for the soul that's thirsting,  
And shall never thirst again.
- 3 'Tis a chart that never fails you,  
One which God to man has given ;  
And though rudest storms assail you,  
It will guide you safe to Heaven.
- 4 'Tis a pearl of price, exceeding  
All the gems in ocean found ;  
To its precepts ever listen,—  
In its truths may you abound.

## St. Thomas. S. M.



## 58

## S. M.

- 1 HOW perfect is thy word,  
Thy judgments all are just ;  
And ever in thy promise, Lord,  
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy word in love,  
In faith thy word obey ;  
Oh ! send thy Spirit from above,  
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,  
Thy precepts all are pure ;  
And long as Heaven and earth remain,  
The truth shall still endure.
- 4 Oh ! may my soul with joy  
Trust in thy faithful word ;  
Be it through life my glad employ,  
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

59

S. M.

- 1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,  
Speaks nothing but despair ;  
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,  
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood :  
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,  
The spotless Victim dies ;  
This is salvation's only source,  
Whence all our hopes arise.

60

7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine !  
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;  
Mine, to teach me what I am ;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;  
Mine, art thou to guide my feet ;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ;
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine, to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death ;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom ;  
O thou holy book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

## 61

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Forgiveness for my sin.
- 3 Here I would learn how Christ has died,  
To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied ;  
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
The promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

## 62

C. M.

- 1 THY precepts often I survey ;  
I keep thy law in sight,  
Through all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.
- 2 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
How sweet thy comforts be !  
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee.
- 3 And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men that share the spoil,  
Have joys compared with mine.



63

L. M.

- 1 THOU book of life, in thee are found  
The mysteries of my Maker's will ;  
Treasures of knowledge here abound,  
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
  - 2 Light of the world, thy beams impart  
To lead my feet through life's dark way ;  
Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,  
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.
- 

## THE SABBATH.

64

C. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,  
On this sweet day of rest ;  
Oh ! bless this flock, and make this fold  
Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul  
Are these sweet days of love ;  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above !
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;  
Here, in thine own appointed way,  
I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
On which my Lord I've seen,  
And oft, when feasting on his word,  
In raptures I have been.
- 5 Oh ! if my soul, when Christ appears,  
In this sweet frame be found,  
I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,  
And leave this earthly ground.

## Park Street. L. M.

**SPIRITED.**

Lord of the Sab-bath and its light, I

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Park Street. L. M.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The word 'SPIRITED.' is written above the treble staff. The lyrics 'Lord of the Sab-bath and its light, I' are written below the staves.

hail thy hallowed day of rest; It is my wea-

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'hail thy hallowed day of rest; It is my wea-' are written below the staves.

ry soul's delight, The solace of my care - worn

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'ry soul's delight, The solace of my care - worn' are written below the staves.

breast, The sol - ace of my care - worn breast.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on the page. The lyrics 'breast, The sol - ace of my care - worn breast.' are written below the staves.

65

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light,  
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;  
It is my weary soul's delight,  
The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,  
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;  
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy  
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 How sweetly now they glide along !  
How hallowed is the calm they yield !  
Transporting is their rapturous song,  
And heavenly visions seem revealed.
- 4 O Jesus, let me ever hail  
Thy presence with the day of rest ;  
Then will thy servant never fail  
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

66

L. M.

- 1 WE'VE entered now on holy time,  
God's blessed rest-day all divine ;  
The labors of the week are past,  
Now let earth's cares aside be cast.
- 2 Oh ! let us help repair the breach,  
And all of God's commandments teach,  
Calling his rest-day our delight,  
Thus walking blameless in his sight.
- 3 This holy rest to us is given,  
To call our minds from earth to Heaven ;  
That we may not forget the Lord,  
And trample down his holy word.
- 4 The faith of Jesus, too, we need ;  
For thus the flying angel said :  
Commands of God and Jesus' faith  
Will shield us in the day of wrath.

## 67

L. M.

- 1 TRUTH is the gem for which we seek,  
Oh ! tell us where shall it be found ;  
For this we search, and pray, and weep,  
That truth may in our hearts abound.
- 2 We want the truth on every point ;  
We want it all to practice by.  
Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint  
With a fresh unction from on high.
- 3 Were not the ten commandments given  
By the great source of light and truth,  
For all who tread the path to Heaven  
From the dark wilderness of earth ?
- 4 Then, as we would our God obey,  
In letter and in spirit too,  
Oh ! let us keep the seventh day,  
For it is plainly brought to view.

## 68

L. M.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God,  
To send to Heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,  
While all around the calm divine  
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour ! for, where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given ;  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

69

L. M.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL day ! first gift of Heaven  
To man, of Eden then possessed,  
Jehovah's rest-day, kindly given  
That all his creatures might be blessed.
- 2 Memorial of creation's King,  
We welcome now thy glad return ;  
And while his praise we join to sing,  
Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
- 3 We bless thy name, almighty Lord,  
We love the keepsake thou hast given ;  
Our voices raise with one accord,  
In honor of the King of Heaven.
- 4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood  
We are redeemed from sin and death ;  
Give glory to the Son of God—  
Praise him all creatures that have breath.
- 5 By sin we are exposed to wrath ;  
He died for us, that he might draw  
Our wandering feet to virtue's path,  
Where we may keep God's holy law.
- 6 That law shall still be our delight,  
The holy Sabbath is a part,  
And when we gain that world so bright,  
All flesh shall keep it with one heart.

70

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
For they are days of holy rest,  
And thou hast passed thy changeless word,  
That they shall be forever blest.
- 2 I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
That congregate thy people here,  
To join their hearts in sweet accord,  
And fit them for a higher sphere.

## Alway. L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name,

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/2. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/2, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/2, containing a bass line of eighth and quarter notes.

give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morn-ing

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morn-ing' are placed below the staves.

light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

The third system of musical notation concludes the hymn. It consists of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'light, And talk of all thy truth by night.' are placed below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

71

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light, -  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part ;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below ;  
And every hour find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

72

L. M.

- 1 THIS is the day of sacred rest,  
Which God hath sanctified and blest,  
When throned in majesty he stood,  
And viewed his works and called them good.
- 2 The heavenly host their harps employ,  
The sons of God gave shouts of joy ;  
Through Heaven and earth his praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- 3 Come, then, ye weary souls oppressed,  
Come and enjoy this holy rest ;  
Let humble songs like incense rise,  
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

## 73

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart ! my soul arise !  
This is the day believers prize ;  
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care ;  
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 Oh, solemn thought ! Lord, give me power,  
Wisely to fill up every hour ;  
Oh ! for the wings of faith and love  
To bear my longing heart above !
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
To worship thee within the veil ;  
To glorify thy matchless grace ;  
To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,  
And tune my heart to praise and pray ;  
Command thy word to fall like dew,  
Refreshing, quick'ning all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove  
O'er the green pastures of thy love ;  
Oh ! let not sin prevent my rest,  
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

## 74

L. M.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,  
To meet its cares and idle show,  
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,  
From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard,  
The lessons of thy holy word,  
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,  
And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 Oh ! may the influence of this day  
Long as our memory with us stay,  
And as an angel guardian prove,  
To guide us to our home above.



75

L. M.

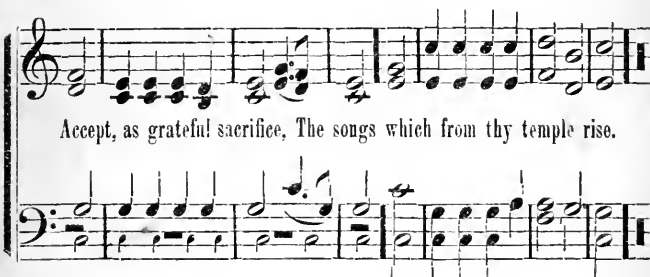
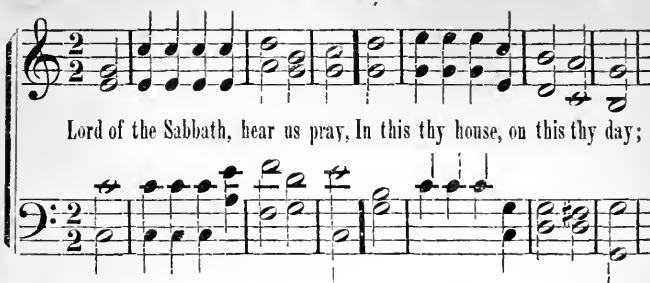
- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds :  
A blessed antepast is given,  
On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 Oh ! that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

76

S. M.

- 1 SIX days of toil and care,  
I bid you all adieu ;  
And now, O peaceful, Sabbath hours,  
I gladly welcome you.
- 2 My heart with rapture turns  
To Eden's vale so fair ;  
Then forward to the heavenly world,  
And views the Sabbath there.
- 3 Sweet day of rest, through thee  
Shall memory faithful prove  
To Him who made the earth and sea,  
And starry worlds above.
- 4 Each Sabbath spent aright  
Shall bring us nearer thee,  
Till in that glorious land of light  
We're made forever free.

## Burton. L. M.



77

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,  
In this thy house, on this thy day ;  
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our laboring souls aspire,  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
No sin nor death can reach that place ;  
No tears shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 5 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would I leave this weary road,  
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

78

L. M.

- 1 THUS far we're spared again to meet  
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat ;  
To seek his face, to sing and pray,  
And hail another Sabbath day.
- 2 Now met to praise his holy name,  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Let every tongue its silence break,  
Let every one his goodness speak,  
Who deigns his glory to display  
On each returning Sabbath day.

79

L. M.

- 1 THIS day the Lord has called his own ;  
Oh ! let us, then, his praise declare ;  
Fix our desires on him alone,  
And seek his face with fervent prayer.
- 2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,  
Which bids the burdened soul be free,  
And with united heart and voice,  
Devote these sacred hours to thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things  
No more our groveling thoughts employ,  
But faith be taught to stretch her wings  
In search of Heaven's unfading joy.
- 4 Oh ! let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
Be to our lasting welfare blest ;  
The purest comfort here afford,  
And fit us for eternal rest.

## Litchfield. C. M.

Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still;

Oh! that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.

80

C. M.

- 1 OH ! that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still ;  
Oh ! that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will.
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit;  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word;  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands—  
    'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
    Offend against my God.

81

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,  
    And to thy courts repair ;  
Again with joyful feet we haste,  
    To meet our Saviour there.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, here  
    Thy presence now display ;  
We bow within thy house of prayer ;  
    O give us hearts to pray.
- 3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight  
    In pity, Lord, remove ;  
Dispose our minds to hear aright  
    The message of thy love.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
    The humble mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from above,  
    To make our graces grow.

82

C. M.

- 1 THE sun rolls down the distant west,  
    Soft twilight steals abroad,  
To welcome in the day of rest,  
    The Sabbath of our Lord.
- 2 This holy day let us begin  
    With songs of praise to God,  
Who pardons all our guilt and sin,  
    Through Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 Now in this tranquil hour we lay  
    All worldly cares aside,  
And hallow God's most holy day,  
    Though friends or foes may chide.

## 83

C M.

- 1 HOW sweet upon this sacred day,  
The best of all the seven,  
To cast our earthly thoughts away,  
And think of God and Heaven !
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,  
Our sins may be forgiven !  
With filial confidence to say,  
“ Father, who art in Heaven ! ”
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear  
From Him to whom 'tis given  
To wake the penitential tear,  
And lead the way to Heaven !
- 4 And if to make our sins depart,  
In vain the will has striven,  
He who regards the inmost heart  
Will send his grace from Heaven.
- 5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,  
The best of all the seven,  
When hearts unite their vows to pay  
Of gratitude to Heaven !

## 84

C. M.

- 1 OH ! that thy statutes every hour  
Might dwell upon my mind ;  
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;  
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name ;  
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,  
Nor yield to sinful shame.

85

C. M.

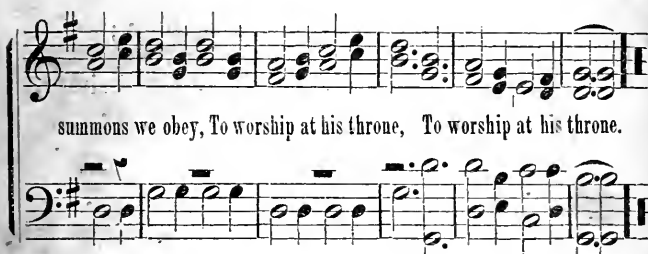
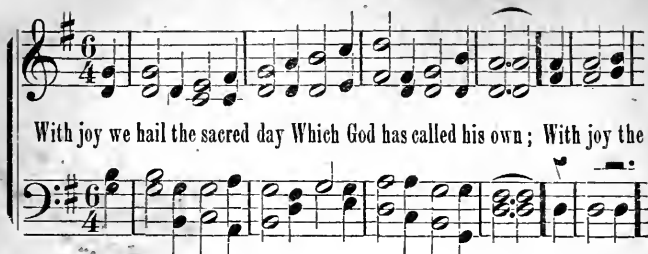
- 1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light ;  
Thy testimonies sure ;  
The statutes of thy realm are right,  
And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The dayspring to mine eyes.
- 3 By these may I be warned betimes ;  
Who knows the guile within ?  
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,  
Cleanse me from secret sin.
- 4 So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind,  
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
With thee acceptance find.

86

C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practice thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honor all thy name.

## Herbert. C. M.



- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell  
Within thy church below ;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ;  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around,  
Her clear and shining light.

88

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing,  
On this thy holy day;  
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,  
And to thee homage pay.



2 This day, which thou for us hast blest,  
And set apart as thine ;  
This day, when God himself did rest,  
Hath honors all divine.

3 Lord, we would turn away our feet  
From this thy holy day,  
And call its rest and worship sweet,  
Not doing our own way.

4 That we may thus restore the breach  
Which in thy law is made,  
We need thy grace our hearts to teach,  
We need thy Spirit's aid.

5 Oh ! give us wisdom from above  
To worship thee aright,  
Till we shall meet Him whom we love,  
And faith is lost in sight.

89

C. M.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the hours that close  
The labors of the week !

2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath day,  
The day of holy rest ;  
From earth's wild cares to soar away,  
To regions pure and blest.

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A sabbath o'er my soul.

4 Soon will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er,  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day which fades no more.

## Badea. S. M.

Thy ho-ly Sab-bath, Lord, Thy peo-ple hail with joy ;

And, while we wait to hear thy word, Let praise our hearts employ.

## 90

## S. M.

- 1 THY holy Sabbath, Lord,  
     Thy people hail with joy ;  
     And while we wait to hear thy word,  
     Let praise our hearts employ.
- 2 With sweet delight, the day  
     That thou hast called thine own,  
     We hail, and all our homage pay  
     To thine exalted throne.
- 3 Oh ! may thy saints be blest ;  
     Assist us while we pray ;  
     May we enjoy a holy rest,  
     And keep the sacred day.
- 4 When Sabbaths here shall end,  
     And from these courts we move,  
     May we an endless Sabbath spend  
     In heavenly courts above.

91

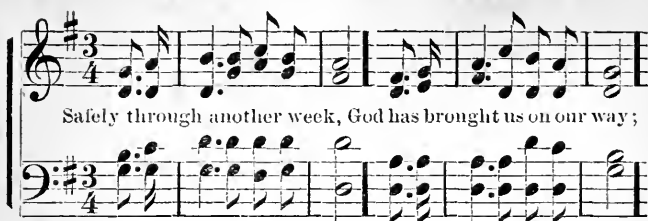
S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
The day believers prize ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place  
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of folly and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

92

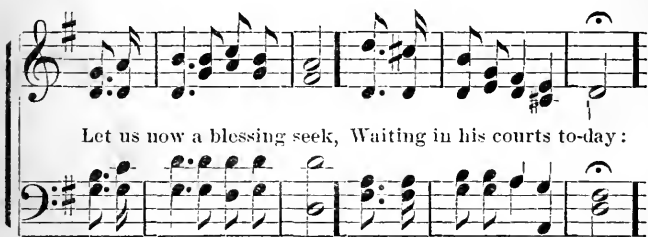
S. M.

- 1 THE light of Sabbath eve  
Is fading fast away ;  
What record will it for us leave,  
To crown the closing day ?
- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent,  
Of fruitless time destroyed ?  
Or have these moments to us lent,  
Been sacredly employed ?
- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,  
Oh ! may we never dare ;  
Nor desecrate with words of ours  
These sacred days of prayer.
- 4 But may our Sabbaths here  
Inspire our hearts with love ;  
And prove a blessed foretaste clear,  
Of that sweet rest above.

**Sabbath. 7s. Double, or 6 lines.**

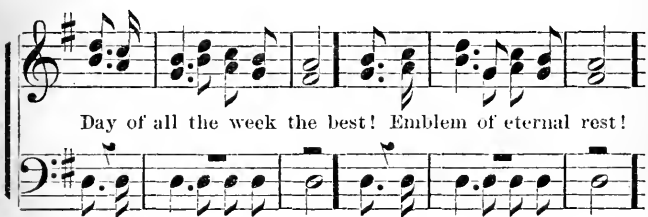
First system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 3/4 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way ;



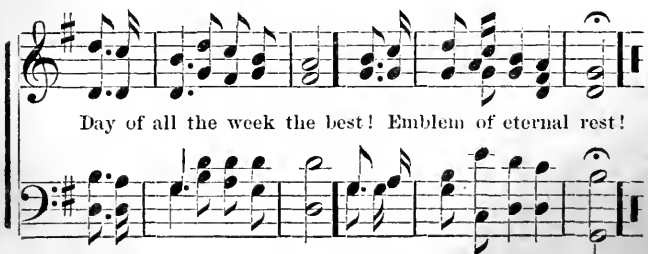
Second system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 3/4 time, key of D major. The melody continues in the treble staff.

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day :



Third system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 3/4 time, key of D major. The melody continues in the treble staff.

Day of all the week the best ! Emblem of eternal rest !



Fourth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves, 3/4 time, key of D major. The melody concludes in the treble staff with a final cadence.

Day of all the week the best ! Emblem of eternal rest !

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise ;  
May we feel thy presence near ;  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
While we in thy courts appear ;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief to all complaints :  
Thus may all our Sabbaths be,  
Till we rise to reign with thee.

## 94

7s. Six lines.

- 1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,  
Risen with gladness in thy beams !  
Light, which not of earth is born,  
From thy dawn in glory streams ;  
Airs of heaven are breathed around,  
And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Great Creator ! who this day  
From thy perfect work didst rest ;  
By the souls that own thy sway,  
Hallowed be its hours and blest ;  
Cares of earth aside be thrown,  
This day given to God alone !

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright ;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,  
To the Eternal One.
- 2 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise,  
A garden intersected  
With streams of paradise ;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.
- 3 A day of sweet reflection  
Thou art, a day of love ;  
A day to raise affection  
From earth to things above.  
New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We seek the rest remaining  
In mansions of the blest.

- 1 THINE holy day's returning,  
Our hearts exult to see,  
And, with devotion burning,  
Ascend, great God, to thee.  
To-day with purest pleasure,  
Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;  
We search for heavenly treasure,  
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,  
 O God of Sabbath day !  
 Each voice in gladness raises  
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.  
 Thy richest mercies sharing—  
 Inspire us with thy love ;  
 By grace our souls preparing  
 For nobler praise above.

97

7s. Six lines.

- 1 CLOSING Sabbath ! Ah, how soon  
 Have thy sacred moments passed :  
 Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,  
 Ere the evening brings thy last !  
 And another Sabbath flies—  
 Solemn witness ! to the skies !
- 2 What is the report it bears  
 To the secret place of God ?  
 Does it speak of worldly cares,  
 Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod ?  
 Or has sweet communion shone  
 Through its hours from God alone ?
- 3 Could we hope the day was spent  
 Prayerfully, with constant heart,  
 We might yield it up content—  
 Knowing though so soon it part,  
 We should see a better day,  
 Which could never pass away.
- 4 God of Sabbaths ! oh, forgive !  
 That we use thy gifts so ill ;  
 Teach us daily how to live,  
 That we ever may fulfill  
 All thy gracious love designed,  
 Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

## Peldon. H. M.

The God that made the earth, And all the worlds on high. Who gave all creatures

birth, In earth, and sea, and sky, After six days in work employed, Up-

on the seventh a rest enjoyed: Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

1 THE God that made the earth,  
 And all the worlds on high,  
 Who gave all creatures birth,  
 In earth, and sea, and sky,  
 After six days in work employed,  
 Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.



2 The Sabbath day was blest,  
Hallowed and sanctified ;  
It was Jehovah's rest,  
And so it must abide ;  
'Twas set apart before the fall,  
'Twas made for man, 'twas made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount,  
Amidst the fire and smoke,  
Jehovah did recount,  
And all his precepts spoke ;  
He claimed the rest-day as his own,  
And wrote it with his law on stone.

4 The Son of God appeared,  
With tidings of great joy ;  
God's precepts he revered,  
He came not to destroy ;  
None of the law was set aside,  
But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die  
To render null and void,  
The law of the Most High,  
Which cannot be destroyed ;  
But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore—  
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

6 Blessed are they that do  
The Father's just commands ;  
They shall the city view,  
Made not by human hands ;  
Its gates will open to the blest,  
And they will share that glorious rest.

- 1 IN thy house while now we sing,  
Tune our hearts, O heavenly King ;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 2 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us ; for thy Spirit pleads :  
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While we hear thy word with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 4 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
That at evening we may say,  
We have walked with God to-day.

- 1 HAIL, peaceful morn ! thy dawn I hail ;  
How do thy hours my mind regale  
With feasts of heavenly joy ;  
Nor can I half thy blessings name,  
Which kindle in my soul a flame,  
And all my powers employ.
- 2 How shall I best improve thy hours ?  
Lord, on me shed in copious showers  
Thy Spirit and thy grace ;  
That when thy sacred courts I tread,  
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,  
And sing Jehovah's praise.
- 3 Thou hallowed season of repose,  
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes  
Of this care-stricken breast ;

Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,  
And with the faithful will I meet,  
To taste thy holy rest.

- 4 Thus may the Sabbath pass away,  
My best, my holiest, happiest day,  
The sweetest of the seven ;  
But yet a rest for saints remains,  
The Sabbath free from ills and pains,  
Eternal, and in Heaven.

101

L. P. M.

- 1 HAIL, peaceful day ! divinely blest !  
Sweetly thy glories would we sing—  
Memorial of that sacred rest  
Of vast creation's mighty King:  
This hallowed time to man was given,  
A foretaste of the bliss of Heaven.
- 2 Ye saints, awake with joyful lay,  
Behold its rising light, divine ;  
To God your grateful homage pay,  
Its radiant beams around us shine ;  
Welcome the day he calls his own,  
And fervent worship at his throne.
- 3 Hark ! through the shining courts above,  
What rapturous praises echo now !  
Around that holy law of love,  
Seraphs in adoration bow ;  
Let earth, responsive to the strain,  
Exalt alone Jehovah's name.
- 4 O come, thou bright, immortal day !  
When at his temple all adore  
His scepter's universal sway,  
Observed in glory evermore ;  
When Zion shall in triumph reign,  
And Eden bloom on earth again.

## Freeport. 10s.

Again the day returns of holy rest, Which, when he

made the world, Jehovah blest; When like his own, he bade our

labors cease, And all be pi-e-ty, and all be peace.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a treble staff for the vocal line, a piano staff for accompaniment, and a bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

## 102

10s.

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest ;  
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,  
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;  
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Lord of all worlds ! incline thy bounteous ear ;  
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear ;  
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.
- 4 Father in Heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide ;  
Through life our surest guardian and friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

## 103

10s.

- 1 HAIL, happy day ! thou day of holy rest—  
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast !  
When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,  
And kindly holds communion with his friends.
- 2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone ;  
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.
- 3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes :  
Oh ! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above !
- 4 O Son of God, exalted on thy throne,  
Impart that grace which comes from thee alone :  
Thou, by whose love, our light and peace are given,  
Bring us, dear Saviour, to thyself and Heaven.

## 104

H. M.

1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,  
The holy and the blest !  
With sweet, subduing power,  
It calms the soul to rest ;  
And hope and love spring up anew,  
To cheer us on our journey through.

2 Our only care and aim  
Throughout this hallowed day,  
To glorify thy name,  
And grateful homage pay ;  
Advance the glory of thy cause,  
And vindicate thy righteous laws.

3 Descend, celestial Dove !  
E'en while we wait and sing ;  
Come from the throne of love,  
With healing on thy wing ;  
With ardent zeal each heart inspire,  
The saints baptize with holy fire.

## REPENTANCE.

## 105

11s.

1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near :  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day ;  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight ;  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

106

11s.

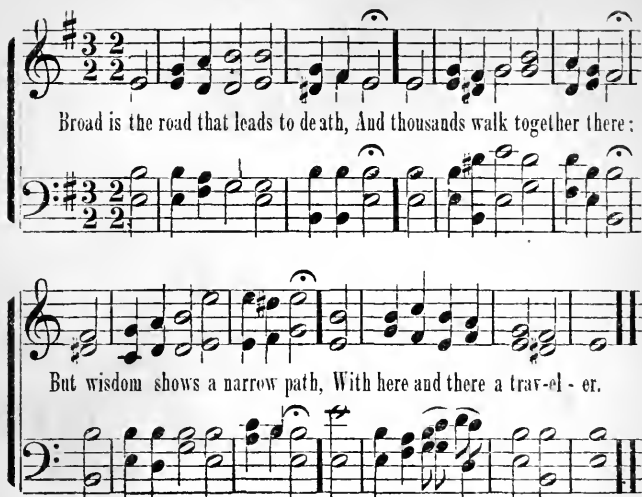
- 1 'TIS the last call of mercy, that lingers for thee;  
O sinner, receive it; to Jesus now flee!  
He often has called thee; but thou hast refused!  
His offered salvation and love are abused!
- 2 If thou slightest this warning now offered at last,  
Thine will be the sad mourning—the harvest is passed;  
Salvation I've slighted, the summer is o'er,  
And now there is pardon, sweet pardon, no more.
- 3 'Tis the last call of mercy; Oh! turn not away,  
For now swiftly hasteth the dread vengeance day!  
The Spirit invites you, and pleads with you, come;  
Oh! come to life's waters, nor thirstingly roam.
- 4 'Tis the last call of mercy; Oh! steel not thy heart,  
For now she is rising, from earth to depart!  
The Bride is now calling—ye thirsty souls, come!  
Oh! come with the ransomed; in Heaven there's room!
- 5 'Tis the last call of mercy, that lingers for thee;  
Break away from thy bondage, O sinner, be free!  
Be not a sad mourner—the harvest is passed,  
The summer is ended—and perish at last.

107

L. M.

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,  
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep;  
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,  
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,  
Look down upon my soul in love;  
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,  
And make my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,  
My ruined nature now restore;  
And let my life and temper shine,  
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

## Windham. L. M.



108

L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
Is thy Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain that heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Let thy sweet Spirit me sustain—  
Oh ! guide me all life's journey through.



109

L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the guilty trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

110

L. M.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls ;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight !  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light. •
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## 111

L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt—  
“Fightings within, and fears without,”  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find ;  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love, I own,  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be thine, and thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## 112

L. M.

- 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me !

- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me !

113

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
Oh, come and spread your woes abroad !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts,  
The hopes thy gracious word imparts ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

## China. C. M.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On

2. Fa-ther, re-move this bit-ter cup. If

The first system of the hymn is written in 3/2 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first line of music contains the lyrics '1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On' and '2. Fa-ther, re-move this bit-ter cup. If'. The second line of music contains the lyrics 'which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of' and 'such thy sa-cred will; If not, con-tent to'.

which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of

such thy sa-cred will; If not, con-tent to

The second system of the hymn continues the melody. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first line of music contains the lyrics 'which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of' and 'such thy sa-cred will; If not, con-tent to'.

blood ran down; In ag-o-ny he prayed,—

drink it up, Thy pleas-ure I ful-fill.

The third system of the hymn concludes the melody. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first line of music contains the lyrics 'blood ran down; In ag-o-ny he prayed,—' and 'drink it up, Thy pleas-ure I ful-fill'.

114

C. M.

- 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground  
On which the Lord was laid ;  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down ;  
In agony he prayed—
- 2 Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will ;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfill.
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner ; see  
Those precious drops that flow ;  
The heavy load he bore for thee ;  
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear ;  
Thy Father's will obey ;  
And, when temptations press thee near,  
Awake to watch and pray.

115

C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there,

## 116

C. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek thy Father's face ;  
Those new desires which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He hears thy humble sigh ;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return ;  
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;  
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn  
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe the falling tear ;  
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn ;  
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return ;  
Regain thy long-sought rest ;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to his breast.

## 117

C. M.

- 1 SAY, burdened soul, whose numerous sins  
In dark array are set,  
What canst thou do to mitigate  
The terrors of thy debt ?
- 2 Canst thou not love the Friend who died  
That burden to assume ?  
Who shrunk not from the crown of thorns,  
The scourge, the cross, the tomb ?
- 3 If heavy is thy weight of guilt,  
Thy love must greater be ;  
Then he, whose blood for man was spilt,  
Will shed his peace on thee.

118

C. M.

- 1 MY Lord, my Lord, to thee I cry ;  
Thy mercy would I know ;  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean ;  
Purge my iniquity ;  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine ?  
Answer, if mine thou art ;  
Whisper within, thou Love divine,  
And cheer my drooping heart.

119

C. M.

- 1 OH, for a heart to praise my God !  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine !  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

## Olmutz. S. M.

I seek the mercy-seat, Where thou dost answer prayer ;

There humbly fall before thy feet, For none can perish there.

120

S. M.

- 1 I SEEK the mercy-seat,  
Where thou dost answer prayer ;  
There humbly fall before thy feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my plea ;  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath my sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed ;  
By wars without and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace—  
In Jesus crucified.



- 5 Oh, wondrous love ! to die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead thy gracious name.

121

S. M.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace ;  
 Now, sinners come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day ;  
 To-morrow it may be too late—  
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The gospel bids you come ;  
 And every promise in his word  
 Declares there yet is room.

122

S. M.

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe  
 Thee merciful and true !  
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,  
 My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,  
 And bid my heart be clean ;  
 An end of all my troubles make,  
 An end of all my sin.
- 3 While at thy cross I lie,  
 Jesus, the grace bestow ;  
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
 And I am white as snow.
- 4 I cannot wash my heart,  
 But by believing thee,  
 And waiting for thy blood t'impart  
 The spotless purity.

## 123

S. M.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,  
Appointed for the poor,  
From day to day my helpless soul  
Hath waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the mercy I have sought,  
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go?  
There is no other pool,  
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,  
To make a sinner whole.
- 4 Still, then, from day to day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try;  
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die?
- 5 No; he is full of grace,  
And never will permit  
A soul that fain would see his face  
To perish at his feet.

## 124

S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
The wond'ring angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In Heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there,

125

S. M.

- 1 O SINNER, mark thy fate !  
Soon will the Judge appear ;  
And then thy cries will come too late ;  
Too late for God to hear.
- 2 The day of mercy gone,  
The Spirit grieved away,  
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,  
Demands the vengeful day.
- 3 Thy God, insulted, seems  
To draw his glittering sword ;  
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,  
To vindicate his word.
- 4 One only hope I see ;  
O sinner, seize it now :  
The blood that Jesus shed for thee !  
No other hope hast thou.

126

S. M.

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint ?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come ;  
Ah ! why do I delay ?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,—  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 I now believe, in thee  
Compassion reigns alone ;  
According to my faith, to me  
Oh, let it, Lord, be done !

## Granuis. 7s.

Sinners, haste to mercy's gate, Strive, oh! strive to enter there.

Hasten, lest ye come too late, Lest in vain shall be your prayer.

127

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, haste to mercy's gate,  
Strive, oh! strive to enter there;  
Hasten, lest ye come too late,  
Lest in vain shall be your prayer.
- 2 Soon the Saviour will arise,  
And forever shut the door:  
Hopeless then will be your cries;  
God will welcome you no more.
- 3 From his glorious seat within,  
Zion's King so long forgot,  
Then will say, Ye slaves of sin,  
Hence depart, I know you not.
- 4 Oh! the anguish of that word;  
Anguish which no measure knows;  
Sinners, haste to seek the Lord,  
Ere the door of mercy close.

128

7s.

- 1 HEAVY clouds are gathering fast,  
Tokens of destruction sure :  
Sinner, now before the blast,  
Seek a shelter to secure.
- 2 Hear you not the distant sound  
Of the thunder murmuring low ?  
Haste thee, ere the trembling ground  
Hide thee in the gulf below.
- 3 Thousand voices from afar,  
Warn thee of thy coming fate :  
Careless sinner, now beware !  
Haste thee, e'er it be too late !
- 4 Crimes in every shape increase ;  
Judgments stalk throughout the land ;  
Signs are borne on every breeze,  
That destruction is at hand.
- 5 Darker clouds will soon arise,  
Louder still the thunders roar,  
Fiercer lightnings pierce the skies—  
But the sinner's day is o'er.

129

7s.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 At his presence nature shakes ;  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax ;  
What will then become of thee ?
- 3 Who his advent may abide ?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapt in flame ?

## Penitence.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Penitence.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/8 time and B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart,' are written below the treble staff.

Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart;

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart;' are written below the treble staff.

Give, what I have long implored, A portion of thy grief unknown;

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Give, what I have long implored, A portion of thy grief unknown;' are written below the treble staff.

Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

The fourth and final system of musical notation for this hymn. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics 'Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.' are written below the treble staff.

130

P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart ;  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown :  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 For thine own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show ;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow :  
If thy pity now is stirred,  
If now I do myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die !  
Life, and happiness, and love,  
Drop from thy gracious eye :  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down :  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Clothe me with thy holiness,  
Thy meek humility :  
Put on me thy glorious dress—  
Endue my soul with thee :  
Let thine image be restored,  
Thy name and nature let me prove :  
Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
And perfect me in love.

## To-day the Saviour Calls. 6s &amp; 4s.

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers come;

O ye be-night-ed souls, Why longer roam?

131

6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls!  
Ye wanderers, come!  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!  
Oh! listen now;  
Within these sacred walls,  
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!  
For mercy flee;  
For all the guilty soon  
Must guilty be.
- 4 To-day the Saviour calls!  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls;  
Ruin is nigh.



- 5 The Spirit calls to-day !  
 Yield to its power ;  
 Oh ! grieve it not away ;  
 'Tis mercy's hour.
- 

## F A I T H .

132

6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 BY faith I see the day  
 That ends my woes,  
 When I shall vict'ry gain  
 O'er all my foes.
- 2 In yonder realms of light,  
 By faith I see  
 A crown of glory bright,  
 Prepared for me.
- 3 Oh ! may I soon behold  
 That happy day,  
 When sorrow, sin, and pain,  
 Shall flee away !
- 4 Oh ! may I ever keep  
 The prize in view ;  
 And through the storms of life  
 My way pursue.
- 5 Jesus, be thou my guide ;  
 My steps attend ;  
 Oh ! keep me near thy side ;  
 Be thou my friend.
- 6 Be thou my shield and sun,  
 Be thou my guard ;  
 And, when my work is done,  
 My great reward.

## Ward. L. M.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night,  
Till we arrive at Heaven, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.

## 133

## L. M.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at Heaven, our home,  
Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way,  
With joy we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray.

## 134

## L. M.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I raise my cries ;  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Dispensing pardons freely there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate ;  
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 His love is great, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son ;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

## 135

L. M.

- 1 OH, happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.
- 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in time's latest hour I bow,  
And bless at last a bond so dear.

## Balerma. C. M.

Oh! for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe;  
That will not tremble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod ;  
But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

137

C. M.

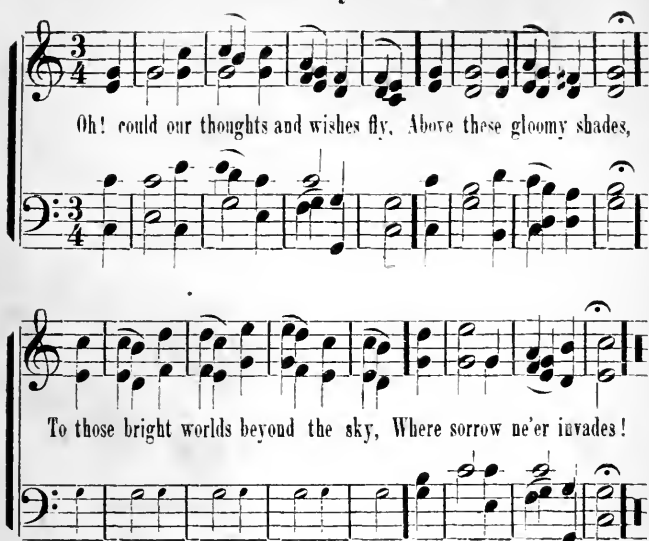
- 1 HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in Heaven ;
- 2 A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, oh ! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saint's delight,  
The Heaven prepared for me.
- 3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 5 On Him with rapture I shall gaze,  
Who bought the bliss for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

138

C. M.

- 1 'TIS faith that purifies the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 Faith shows the promise fully sealed  
With our Redeemer's blood ;  
It helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 3 This faith shall every fear control,  
By its celestial power,—  
With holy triumph till the soul  
In strong temptation's hour.

## Coventry. C. M.



139

C. M.

- 1 OH ! could our thoughts and wishes fly,  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Where sorrow ne'er invades !
- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim !  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Oh ! then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise,  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,  
Immortal in the skies.

140

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

141

C. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of his love he gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.
- 3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet thee from above ;  
Thy goodness thankfully adores,—  
And sure I taste thy love.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am his,  
Of Paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

## Day. S. M.

My spir - it on thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to despair For thou art love divine.

## 142

## S. M.

- 1 MY spirit on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,  
On thee I calmly rest ;  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform ;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,—  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.



143

S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain,  
By self-consuming care ;  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

144

S. M.

- 1 IN every trying hour  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
I trust in his almighty power,  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear me up ;  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing  
To our Redeemer's name ;  
In joy or sorrow, life or death,  
His love is still the same.

## Chardon. C. P. M.

0 Thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody staff, a piano accompaniment staff, and a bass line staff. The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The bass line consists of quarter notes G3, F3, and E3.

That casts itself on thee, I have no re - fuge of my own.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue their respective patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line.

But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fered once for me.

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue their respective patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line.

## 145

C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
That casts itself on thee ?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done,  
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood :  
That righteousness my robe shall be,  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from the second death,  
The spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolations send ;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
Thy Maker is thy friend.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;  
Come, take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free ;  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.

## 146

C. M.

- 1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,  
Nor let a care remain ;  
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,  
And all thy griefs sustain.
- 2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny  
To those who trust his love ;  
And they who on his grace rely,  
Shall sing his praise above.

147

L. M. Double.

- 1 AWAY my unbelieving fear !  
Fear shall in me no more have place ;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face.  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield ?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no ;  
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil,  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race ;  
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,  
And not one bud of grace appear,  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin, and only sin is here ;  
Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

148

L. M.

- 1 AH! why should doubts and fears arise ?  
And sorrows fill my weeping eyes ?  
Too slow, alas ! the mind receives  
The comforts that the gospel gives.
- 2 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith !  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of Heaven my own.
- 3 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
My steadfast soul would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

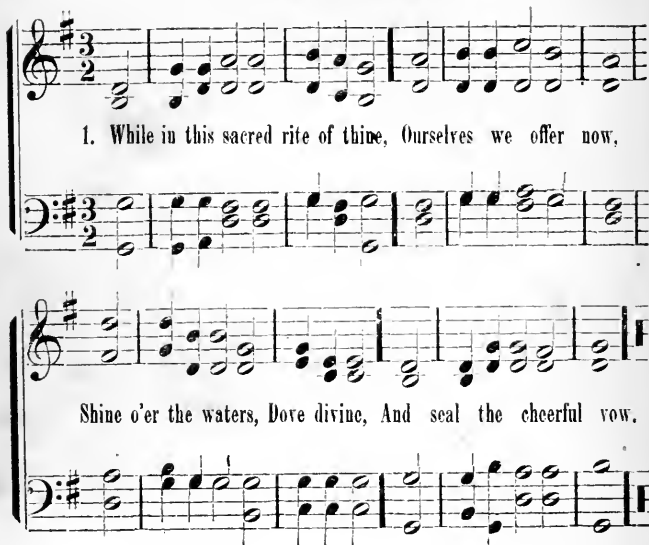
149

H. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Saviour stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood was shed for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me :  
Forgive him, oh ! forgive, they cry,  
Nor let the contrite sinner die !
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear, anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son ;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I'm a child of God.
- 5 To God I'm reconciled ;  
His pardoning voice I hear ;  
He owns me for his child ;  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## BAPTISM.

Denfield. C. M.



1. While in this sacred rite of thine, Ourselves we offer now,  
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine, And seal the cheerful vow.

- 2 All glory be to Him whose life  
For ours was freely given,  
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,  
And makes us meet for Heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign  
Our life and all our powers ;  
Accept us in this rite divine,  
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 4 Oh, may we die to earth and sin,  
Beneath the mystic flood !  
And when we rise may we begin  
To live anew for God.

151

C. M.

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,  
The great Redeemer lies ;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do these willing souls, to-day,  
Their ardent zeal express,  
And in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain—  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away ;  
When he commands, and strength imparts,  
We cheerfully obey.

152

C. M.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,  
Our souls to sin must die ;  
With Christ our Lord we live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthroned divinely fair ;  
Yet owns himself our Brother still,  
And our forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Above our choicest treasure lies,—  
And be our hearts above.
- 4 Let not earth's pleasures draw us down ;  
Oh ! give us strength to rise,  
And through thy strong, attractive power,  
At last to gain the prize.

## 153

8s &amp; 7s. Peculiar.

- 1 THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave  
 To all in him believing ;  
 He bids us seek this hallowed grave,  
 To his example cleaving.  
 I'll follow then my glorious Lord,  
 Whate'er the ties I sever ;  
 He saves my soul, he's left his word  
 To guide me now and ever.
- 2 For me the cross and shame to bear,  
 Dear Saviour, thou wast willing ;  
 Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,  
 All righteousness fulfilling.  
 I'll follow, &c.
- 3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all ;  
 In thy kind arms infold me :  
 My heart is fixed—no fears appall—  
 Thy gracious power shall hold me.  
 I'll follow, &c.

## 154

7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 'TIS down into the water  
 Where we believers go,  
 To serve our Lord and Master  
 In righteous acts below ;  
 We lay our mortal bodies  
 Beneath the yielding wave,  
 An emblem of the Saviour,  
 When he lay in the grave.
- 2 The light of truth is spreading,  
 And shining now for thee ;  
 And sweet its notes are sounding  
 To set the captive free ;  
 And while this glorious message  
 Is circulated round,  
 Some souls exposed to ruin,  
 Redeeming grace have found.



155

C. P. M.

- 1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,  
In ancient time to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill ;  
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his Master's will.
- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream  
The Baptist led the holy Lamb, .  
And there did him baptize ;  
Jehovah saw his holy Son,  
And was well pleased in what he'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries ;  
On him, to rest, the Spirit flies ;  
O children, hear ye him !  
Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold he cries—  
Repent, believe, and be baptized,  
And Christ will save from sin.
- 4 Come, children, come, his voice obey ;  
Salem's bright King has marked the way,  
And has a crown prepared ;  
Oh ! then arise and give consent ;  
Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
And have the great reward.

156

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee ;  
Purchased by thy precious blood,  
We present ourselves before thee,  
Now to walk the narrow road :  
Saviour, guide us—  
Guide us to the throne of God.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty ;  
Thou wast laid beneath the wave ;  
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty  
From the semblance of the grave :  
We would follow  
Thee who from our sins wilt save.

## Olney. S. M.

With willing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod;  
We love th' example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.

157

S. M.

*Galway*

- 1 WITH willing hearts we tread  
The path the Saviour trod;  
We love th' example of our Head,  
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,  
Our hope and faith rely,  
O thou, who wilt for sin atone,  
Who didst for sinners die!
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice;  
To thy dear cross we flee;  
Oh! may we die to sin, and rise  
To life and bliss in thee.

158

S. M.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,  
In thine appointed way;  
Obedient to thy high commands,  
Our solemn vows we pay.

- 2 Oh ! bless this sacred rite,  
To bring us near to thee ;  
And may we find that as our day  
Our strength may also be.

159

S. M.

- 1 DOWN to the sacred wave,  
The Lord of life was led ;  
And he who came our souls to save,  
In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way ;  
He fixed the holy rite ;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread  
In thine appointed way ;  
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.

160

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic flood ;  
Oh ! bathe us in thy cleansing blood ;  
We die to sin, and seek a grave,  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave ;
- 4 And, as we rise, with thee to live,  
Oh ! let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

## 161

L. M.

- 1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey ;—  
Not of constraint, but with delight,  
Thy servants hither come to-day,  
To honor thine appointed rite.
- 2 With faith upon thy name we come,  
The Spirit's cleansing power confess ;  
O Saviour, from thy heavenly home,  
Confirm the covenant of thy grace !
- 3 How blest the vow we here record !  
How blest the grace we now receive !  
Buried—to rise with Christ our Lord,  
New lives of holiness to live.
- 4 Thus through the emblematic grave  
The glorious, suffering Saviour trod ;  
He is our pattern—through the wave  
We follow the blest Son of God.

## 162

C. M.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race,  
And, through the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove—  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Love divine,  
Thy grace to us be given ;  
To a new life our souls incline,  
A life for God and Heaven.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

163

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and thee.

164

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,  
And make thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Thou God of love and peace divine,  
Oh, make thy light within me shine !  
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love,

## Ware. L. M.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above ;

Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.

## 165

## L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ—the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray ;
- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,—  
To be with him forever blest ;  
Lead us to Heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fulness of joy forever there.

## 166

L. M.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To my illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth thy words reveal ;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;  
Make me delight to do thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
The wonders of redeeming love,  
The vanity of things below,  
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through these dubious paths I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad ;  
Oh ! show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

## 167

7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine ;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Spirit, power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
Long has sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Spirit, joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;  
Bid my many woes depart ;  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine ;  
Cast down every idol throne ;  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

168

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
Within these hearts of ours.
- 2 Oh, raise our thoughts from things below,  
From vanities and toys !  
Then shall we with fresh courage go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Awake our souls to joyful songs ;  
Let pure devotions rise ;  
Till praise employs our thankful tongues,  
And doubt forever dies.
- 4 Father, we would no longer live  
At a poor, dying rate ;  
To thee our thankful love we give,—  
For thine to us is great.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

169

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 HOLY Spirit ! fount of blessing,  
Ever watchful, ever kind ;  
Thy celestial aid possessing,  
Prisoned souls deliv'rance find ;  
Seal of truth and bond of union,  
Source of light, and flame of love,  
Symbol of divine communion,  
In the olive-bearing dove.
- 2 Heavenly guide from paths of error,  
Comforter of minds distressed ;  
When the billows fill with terror,  
Pointing to an ark of rest ;—  
Promised pledge ! eternal Spirit !  
Greater than all gifts below,—  
May our hearts thy grace inherit ;  
May our lips thy glories show.



170

C. M.

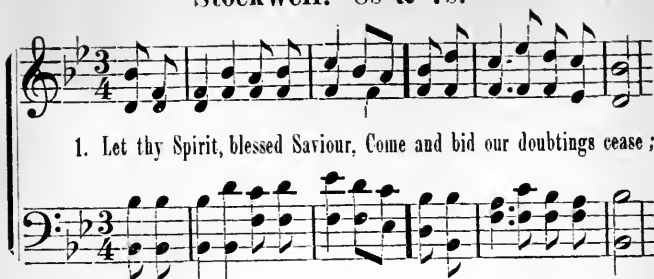
- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, power of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire ;  
Revive the flame of heavenly love,  
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be,  
And soothe the sorrowing, humble mind,  
And set the guilty free.
- 3 Then with our spirits witness bear  
That we are sons of God,  
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.

171

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power :  
Come, Holy Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light : to us reveal  
Our sinfulness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame :  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,  
With Pentecostal grace ;  
And make the great salvation known,  
Wide as the human race.
- 5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power  
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

## Stockwell. 8s &amp; 7s.



1. Let thy Spirit, blessed Saviour, Come and bid our doubtings cease ;



Come, oh! come with love and favor, Fill us all with joy and peace.

- 2 Fearful dangers are around us,  
Satan watches to destroy ;  
Lord, our foes would fain confound us ;  
Oh, for us thy might employ !
- 3 On thy word our souls are resting ;  
Taught by thee, thy name we love ;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus ;  
How it doth our spirits move !
- 4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary  
Of the roughness of the way ;  
Though the road be often dreary,  
Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

- 2 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,—  
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, oh ! breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
Let us all in thee inherit ;  
Let us find thy promised rest.
- 4 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in Heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
- 

## LORD'S SUPPER.

174

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross we spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion,  
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze ;  
And our thoughts are all of Heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 4 Still in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,  
Till we taste thy full salvation,  
And, unveiled, thy glories see.

## Olden. L. M.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with

shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays alone.  
 fears; E'en that disciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

## 175

## L. M.

- 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
 The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,  
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;  
 E'en that disciple whom he loved  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,  
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
 Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and, from ether plains,  
 Is borne the song that angels know ;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

176

L. M.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son, God's dear delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed and brake :  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 This is my body, broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food :  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;  
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 Do this, he said, till time shall end,—  
Meet at my table, and record,  
In mem'ry of your dying Friend,  
The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

177

L. M.

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord !  
Is shadowed by this broken bread ;  
The wine which in this cup is poured,  
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
We show that we are one in thee :  
Thy precious blood was shed for us ;  
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come :  
Thee in the air we wait to see ;  
When thou wilt give thy saints a home,  
And we shall ever reign with thee.

## 178

L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and shed your tears anew,  
For him who groaned beneath your load ;  
He shed his precious blood for you,  
Then freely be your tears bestowed.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men !  
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 He lives forever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
Then ask, O death, where is thy sting ?  
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

## 179

L. M.

- 1 HOW dreadful was the curse that fell  
On sinful man ; 'twas death and hell ;  
Eternal death, destruction sure :  
Who, who, such portion could endure ?
- 2 But glory be to God on high !  
Redemption comes, Good news, they cry—  
The holy throng—th' Anointed One  
Descends to earth, God's holy Son,
- 3 And dies for man, then lives again  
A victor : he the foe hath slain ;  
Abolished death—oh, wondrous plan !  
Salvation brought to fallen man.
- 4 Oh ! may we be the truly wise,  
Who seek with all our hearts this prize ;  
Contend no more for earth's renown,  
But look for an immortal crown.

180

L. M.

- 1 AT thy command, O Lord, our hope,  
We come around thy table here ;  
• We break the bread, we bless the cup,  
That show thy death till thou appear.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in One that died ;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crueified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And cast their scandals on thy cause !  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,—  
He that was dead hath left the tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

181

7s.

- 1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,  
We remember still thy death ;  
Thou wast broken—thou hast died ;  
For us thou wast crucified.
- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,  
Of thy blood we see the sign ;  
Wash us pure from every stain,  
Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee,  
But we long thy face to see—  
Long to reach our heavenly home ;  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !
- 4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come ;  
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,  
And thy glories here display  
Through a never-ending day.

## Golden Hill. S. M.

Jesus invites his saints To meet around his board, And  
 sup in mem'ry of the death And suff'rings of their Lord.

182

S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
 To meet around his board,  
 And sup in mem'ry of the death  
 And sufferings of their Lord.
- 2 We take the bread and wine,  
 As emblems of thy death ;  
 Lord, raise our souls above the sign,  
 To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
 And drinks the living wine ;  
 It looks beyond this scene of strife—  
 Unites us to the Vine.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,  
 Our Lord will come again ;  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb  
 Will usher in his reign.



183

S. M.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst,  
We gather round the board ;  
Though many, we are one in Christ,  
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on him  
When bruised on Calvary ;  
For us he died, and rose again,  
A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
Thus we, in love together knit,  
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Then let our powers unite,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
And holy joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

184

S. M.

- 1 A PARTING hymn we sing,  
Around thy table, Lord,  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,  
And felt thy presence here ;  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood—  
By sin no longer led—  
The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

## Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains,  
D. C. And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains. FINE.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, D. C.

2 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

3 And in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stam'ring tongue  
Is ransomed from the grave.

- 4 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

186

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a dear and hallowed spot  
Oft present to my eye ;  
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—  
That place is Calvary.
- 2 Oh ! what a scene was there displayed,  
Of love and agony,  
When our Redeemer bowed his head,  
And died on Calvary.
- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,  
Unto the cross I'll fly,  
And trust the merits of that blood  
That flowed at Calvary.
- 4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,  
On Jesus I'll rely,  
And in the sharp, conflicting hour  
Repair to Calvary.

187

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot ;  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine ;  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 3 Oh, no ! till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

## Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 lines.

FINE.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;  
 D. C. Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me Lord, and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,  
 D. C.

## 188

## 7s. Six lines.

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy wounded side that flowed,  
 Be of sin the perfect cure:  
 Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This, for sin, could not atone:  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 When my pilgrimage I close,  
 Victor o'er the last of foes,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy Judgment throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

189

7s. Six lines.

1 SAVIOUR of our ruined race,  
Fountain of redeeming grace,  
Let us now thy fullness see,  
While we here converse with thee ;  
Hearken to our ardent prayer—  
Let us all thy blessings share.

2 While we thus with glad accord  
Meet around thy table, Lord,  
Bid us feast with joy divine,  
On th' appointed bread and wine :  
Emblems may they truly prove  
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,  
Yet we seek the heavenly smile ;  
Thou canst all our sins forgive ;  
Thou canst bid us look and live.  
Lord, we wonder and adore !  
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

190

8s &amp; 7s.

1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example while beholding,  
May our lives his image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God, through endless day.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

## Uxbridge. L. M.

One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;

To hear a voice within me speak, Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee.

191

L. M.

- 1 ONE precious boon, O Lord, I seek,  
While tossed upon life's billowy sea ;  
To hear a voice within me speak,  
Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee.
- 2 Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear,  
Nor mourn though under foot I'm trod,  
If day by day I may but share  
Thine approbation, O my God.
- 3 The friends I love may turn from me,  
Their words unkind may pierce me through ;  
But this my daily prayer shall be,  
Forgive ; they know not what they do.

- 4 Let me but know, where'er I roam,  
That I am doing Jesus' will ;  
And though I've neither friends nor home,  
My heart shall glow with gladness still.
- 5 To that bright, blest, immortal morn  
By holy prophets long foretold,  
My eager, longing eyes I turn,  
And soon its glories shall behold.
- 6 Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne,  
For his dear sake who died for me,  
To everlasting joys will turn,  
In glorious immortality.

192

L. M.

- 1 OH ! deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears ;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night ;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny ;  
Though with a sad and broken heart,  
He sees his hopes most cherished die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear ;  
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

## 193

L. M.

- 1 THE Christian warrior—see him stand,  
In the whole armor of his God ;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;  
His feet are with the gospel shod ;
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head,  
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this, Omnipotence he moves,  
From this the alien armies flee ;  
Till more than conqueror he proves,  
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

## 194

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad :  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Nor leave the heavenly road.
- 2 Oh ! that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow ;  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 Oh ! that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume :  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;  
Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;  
Illuminate my soul ;  
Scatter thy life through every part  
And sanctify the whole.



195

L. M.

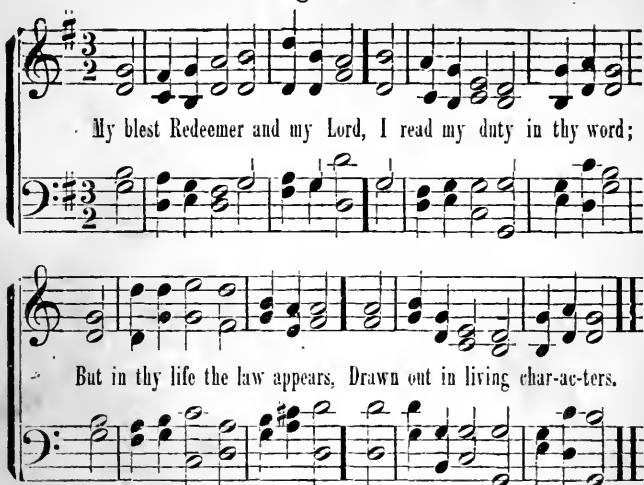
- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be equal to thy day,—  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong :  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

196

L. M.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?  
Or undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord ?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high ?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,  
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread ?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?  
A man ! an heir of death ! a slave  
To sin ! a bubble on the wave !
- 5 Yes, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head ;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

## Rockingham. L. M.



## 197

## L. M.

- 1 MY blest Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill !  
What zeal to do thy Father's will !  
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## 198

L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
How shall I stand the trying day ?  
He has engaged by firm decree,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

## 199

L. M.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense—  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My Heaven, and there my God, I find.

## 200

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, from darkness, and the dead !  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer ;  
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

## 201

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 202

L. M.

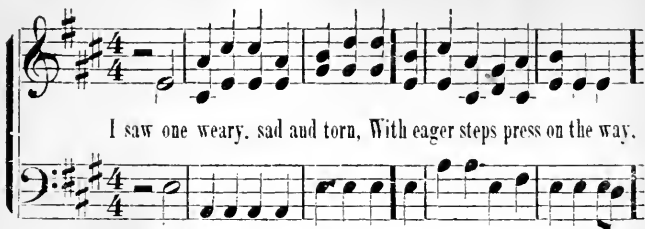
- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds  
In sweet communion kindred minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What tender love ! what holy fear !  
How does the gen'rous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,  
For human guilt and human woe ;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place,  
Where God reveals his smiling face :  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

## 203

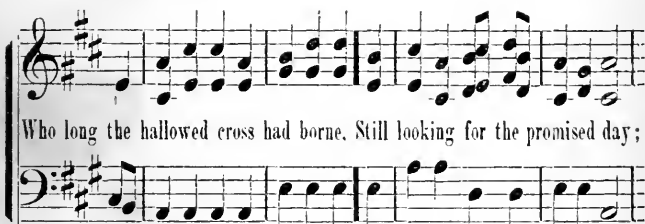
L. M.

- 1 O ARMY of the living God,  
Why sink your souls desponding down ?  
Why tremble at th' oppressor's rod ?  
Why cower beneath the spoiler's frown ?
- 2 O soldiers in the war-worn host,  
Go forth in courage and in faith ;  
In Christ, your captain, ye may boast ;  
He rules the world and conquers death.
- 3 Go forth, and mingle in the strife  
Which God commands, which Christ approves ;  
Go, struggle for eternal life,  
And all the joys the Christian loves.
- 4 Soldiers of God, go forth, be strong !  
Through faith do works of great renown ;  
Your toils and strife shall not be long ;  
Your Captain comes to bring your crown.

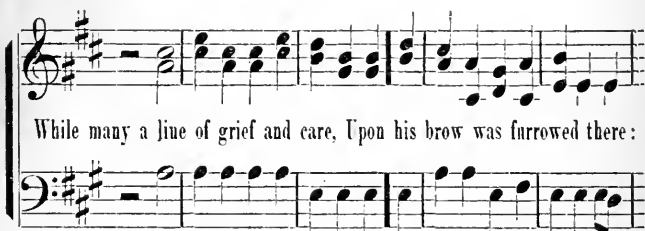
## Duane. L. M. Double.



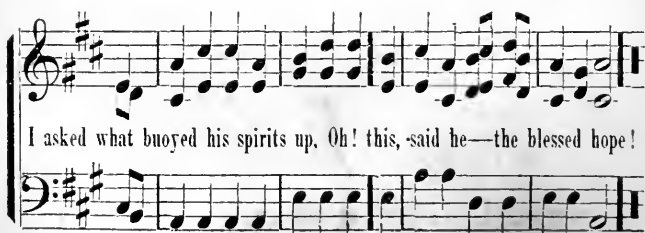
I saw one weary, sad and torn, With eager steps press on the way.



Who long the hallowed cross had borne, Still looking for the promised day;



While many a line of grief and care, Upon his brow was furrowed there:



I asked what buoyed his spirits up, Oh! this, -said he—the blessed hope!

## 204

L. M. Double.

- 1 I SAW one weary, sad, and torn,  
With eager steps press on the way,  
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,  
Still looking for the promised day ;  
While many a line of grief and care,  
Upon his brow was furrowed there.  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
Oh this ! said he—the blessed hope.
- 2 And one I saw, with sword and shield,  
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,  
And fought, unyielding, on the field,  
To win an everlasting crown.  
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,  
No murmur from his heart arose.  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
Oh this ! said he—the blessed hope.
- 3 And there was one who left behind  
The cherished friends of early years,  
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,  
To tread the path bedewed with tears.  
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,  
Yet still a smile of joy he wore.  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
Oh this ! said he—the blessed hope.
- 4 While pilgrims here we journey on,  
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,  
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,  
Or through the portals of the tomb,  
Till our returning King shall come,  
To take his exiled captives home,  
Oh ! what can buoy the spirits up ?  
'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.

## Dundee. C. M.



- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Fair Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love,  
That every saint surround.

## 206

## C. M.

- 1 LO ! what an entertaining sight  
Those friendly brethren prove,  
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
Of harmony and love !
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,  
Descend on every soul ;  
And heavenly peace with balmy wing  
Shades and revives the whole.
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distill.



207

C. M.

- 1 THE heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay ;  
But Christ will to the utmost save,  
And keep us to that day.
- 2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still ;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.
- 3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there !  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.
- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through ;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

208

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfill his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows ;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glows.

## Naomi. C. M.

Oh! could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.

209

C. M.

- 1 OH! could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

210

C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest,  
Till thou art formed within;  
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
And crushed the power of sin!

2 Oh, may we gaze upon thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light !

3 Until released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees, when earthly glory dies,  
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze may we become  
United, Lord, to thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.

## 211

C. M.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

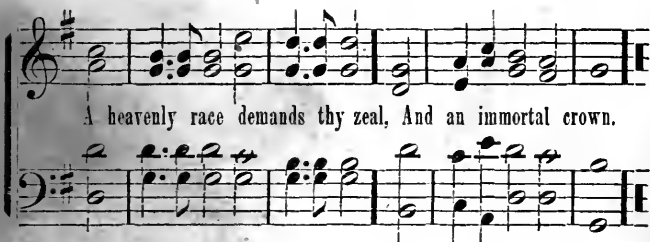
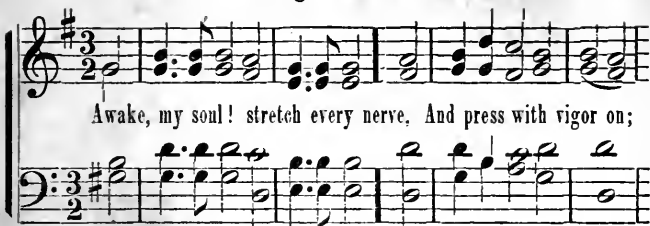
2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defense ;  
What, then, have we to fear ?

5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

## Arlington. C. M.



212

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun:  
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet  
We'll lay our trophies down.

## 213

C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause?  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend of grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

## 214

S. M.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart, and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy willing servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment, live or die,  
Will serve my God alone.

## Selvin. S. M.

*mp*

If, through unruffled seas, Calmly toward Heaven we sail,  
But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come,

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/2 time signature. It begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

*mf*

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/2 time signature. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes.

*m*

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale.  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/2 time signature. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic marking. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music concludes with a final cadence.

## 215

S. M.

- 1 IF, through unruffled seas,  
Calmly toward Heaven we sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us in every state,  
To make thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

## 216

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, Sinner, come ;  
The holy bride of Christ proclaims  
To all her children, Come !
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come !  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh ! let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come :  
Lord, even so, we wait thy hour ;  
O blest Redeemer, come.

## Laban. S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down;  
 Thy arduous task will not be done  
 Till thou obtain the crown.

## 218

## S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind  
 The baits of pleasing ill:



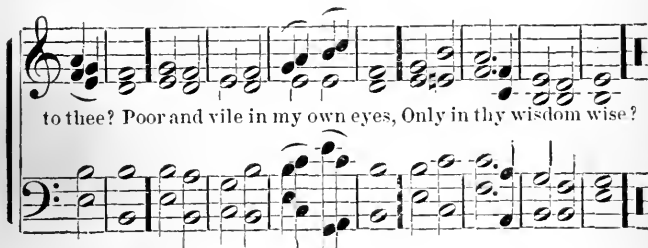
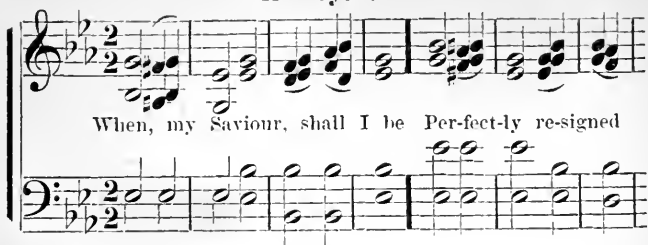
- 3 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly :
- 5 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

219

S. M.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought ;  
My whole of sin remove ;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 Oh, arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee !  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call ;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.
- 5 Oh, may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove !  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

## Holley. 7s.



220

7s.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to thee?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below?  
Only guided by thy light?  
Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express  
All the highs of holiness;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

221

7s.

- 1 GOD of love that hearest prayer,  
Kindly for thy people care,  
Who on thee alone depend;  
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,  
From the flattering tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain  
On the help of feeble man ;  
Every arm of flesh remove ;  
Stay us only on thy love !

4 Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these thy people join ;  
Save us from the great and wise,  
Till they sink in their own eyes.

5 Never let the world break in ;  
Fix a mighty gulf between :  
Keep us little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.

## 222

7s.

- 1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross,  
Foes are lurking all around ;  
Look not here to find repose,  
This is but thy battle ground.
- 2 Up, and take thy shield and sword ;  
Up, it is the call of Heaven ;  
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,  
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill,  
Tread the might of passion down,  
Struggle onward, onward still,  
To the conquering Saviour's crown.
- 4 Through the midst of toil and pain,  
Let the thought ne'er leave thy breast,  
Every triumph thou dost gain  
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

## Lovest Thou Me. 7s.

First system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a vocal melody, a middle treble staff with a piano accompaniment, and a bass staff with a bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa-' are written below the vocal staff.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa-

Second system of musical notation. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics 'viour, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to' are written below the vocal staff.

viour, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to

Third system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics 'thee — Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?' are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

thee — Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

## 223

7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis the Saviour ; hear his word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be ;  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love's so weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee, and adore ;  
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

## 224

7s.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,—  
This is happiness to me.

## Mount Bethel. C. M. Double.

6  
4

{ O speed thee Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar-mor cling; }  
{ With girded loins the call o-bey That grace and mercy bring. }

6  
4

6  
4

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top staff is the vocal melody in treble clef, 6/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, also in 6/4 time. The lyrics are written between the first and second staves.

There is a bat-tle to be fought, An upward race to run, A

This system contains the next three staves of the hymn. The vocal melody continues on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written between the first and second staves.

crown of glory to be sought, A vict'ry to be won.

This system contains the final three staves of the hymn. The vocal melody concludes on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment concludes on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written between the first and second staves.

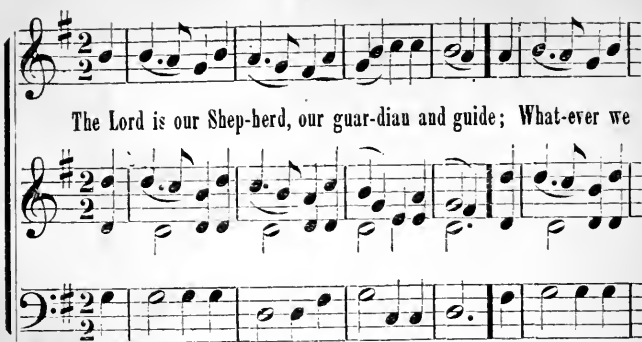
- 2 The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw ;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
If Christ control the bow.  
The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road ;  
'Twill keep the goal of Heaven in sight,  
And guide thee to thy God.

226

C. M. Double.

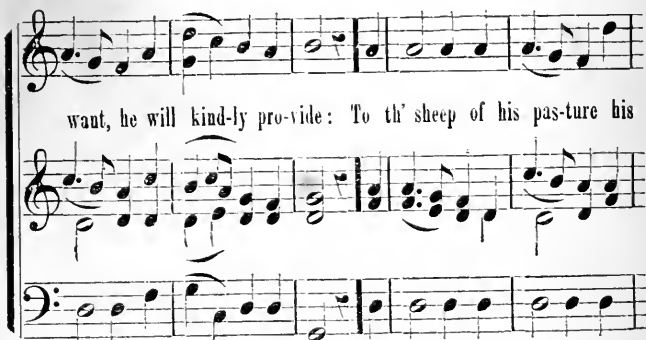
- 1 I WANT a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear ;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near ;  
I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride or fond desire ;  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make ;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved thy love.  
Oh, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul !  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

## Hinton. 11s.



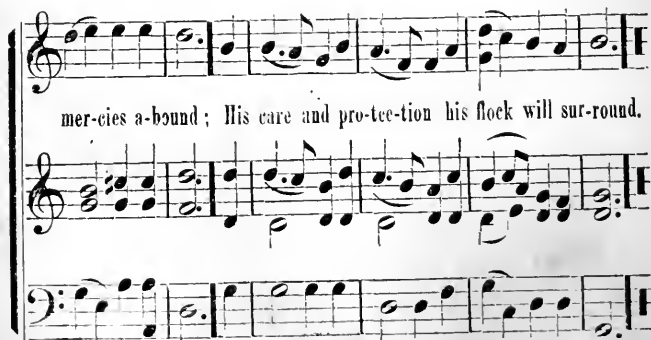
The Lord is our Shep-herd, our guar-dian and guide; What-ever we

This system contains the first line of music, consisting of a treble staff, a vocal staff with lyrics, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.



want, he will kind-ly pro-vide: 'To th' sheep of his pas-ture his

This system contains the second line of music, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble staff, a vocal staff with lyrics, and a bass staff.



mer-cies a-bound; His care and pro-tee-tion his flock will sur-round.

This system contains the third line of music, concluding the hymn. It consists of a treble staff, a vocal staff with lyrics, and a bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.



## 227

11s.

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and guide;  
Whatever we want, he will kindly provide:  
To th' sheep of his pasture his mercies abound;  
His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear?  
What evil can trouble us while he is near?  
Not if we are summoned to walk through the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.
- 3 The Lord is become our salvation and song;  
His blessings have followed us all our life long!  
His name will we praise while we have any breath,  
Be cheerful in life, or be happy in death.

## 228

11s.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh! be not dismayed;  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

## Malvern. L. M.



## 229

## L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give ;  
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;  
 They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
 In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
 Though thought be broken, language lame ;  
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
 But pray with faith, in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
 Fear not, his merits must prevail !  
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

## FUNERAL HYMNS.

230

L. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
When faith, endued from Heaven with power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;  
They tell us of his hope on high,  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

231

L. M.

- 1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,  
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?  
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :  
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,  
Till dying hope revives again ;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And faith points upward to the sky.

## Rest. L. M.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep;

A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

## 232

## L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to rest  
In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

## 233

L. M.

- 1 HE sleeps in Jesus—peaceful rest—  
No mortal strife invades his breast ;  
No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care,  
Can reach the silent slumberer there.
- 2 He lived, his Saviour to adore,  
And meekly all his sufferings bore :  
He loved, and all resigned to God ;  
Nor murmured at his chastening rod.
- 3 Does earth attract thee here ? they cried ;  
The dying Christian thus replied,  
While pointing upward to the sky,  
My treasure is laid up on high.
- 4 He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies ;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
To wake in full, immortal bloom.
- 5 He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief ;  
Let this afford thee sweet relief—  
That, freed from death's triumphant reign,  
In Heaven he will live again.

## 234

L. M.

- 1 THOUGH love may weep with breaking heart,  
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine !  
There is a morning star must shine,  
And all those shadows shall depart.
- 2 Though faith may droop and tremble here,  
That day of light shall surely come ;  
His path will lead him safely home ;  
When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.
- 3 Though hope seem now to hope in vain,  
And death seem king of all below,  
There yet shall come the morning glow,  
And wake our slumbers once again.

## Woodworth. L. M.

The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top staff is the vocal melody in treble clef, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics 'The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-' are written below the vocal staff.

ing tear, the heaving sigh, When death inflicts his

This system contains the next three staves. The lyrics 'ing tear, the heaving sigh, When death inflicts his' are written below the vocal staff. The musical notation continues with the same instrumental and vocal parts.

fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.

This system contains the final three staves of the hymn. The lyrics 'fatal wound, When tender friends and kindred die.' are written below the vocal staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

## 235

L. M.

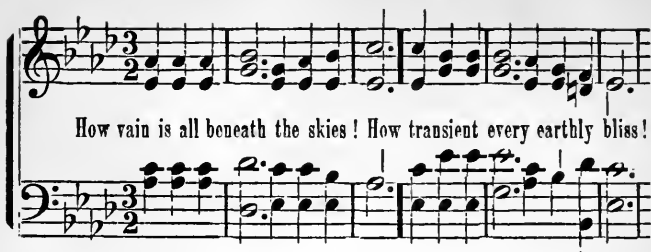
- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When death inflicts his fatal wound,  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend,  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Our Father, God ! to thee we look,  
Our rock, our portion, and our friend ;  
And on thy covenant love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

## 236

L. M.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word :  
Restore thy trust : a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

## Protection. L. M.



237

L. M.

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies !  
     How transient every earthly bliss !  
     How slender all the fondest ties  
     That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
     The with'ring grass, the fading flower,  
     Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
     The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
     And all beneath the skies is vain,  
     There is a land whose confines lie  
     Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
     Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :  
     If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
     Though passing through a vale of tears.



## 238

L. M.

- 1 BLESSED are they henceforth that die  
Reclining on the Saviour's breast ;  
They cease from every care and sigh,  
From all their labors they have rest.
- 2 No more they meet with cruel foes,  
No more with anxious care oppressed :  
They warred the conflict till life's close ;  
Their toil is o'er—they sweetly rest.
- 3 The living saints have yet to meet  
And brave the dragon's utmost ire ;  
The grave will be a blest retreat  
While earth is whelmed in troubles dire.
- 4 Thy righteous will be done, O God !  
To meet the foe and overcome ;  
Or lay me down beneath the sod,  
Sleep a short sleep, and then go home.

## 239

L. M.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,  
Forever molder in the grave ?  
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and thy power to save ?
- 2 In those dark realms of night and gloom  
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies ?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears !  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And Heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,  
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring ;  
Through Heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,  
And hail their Saviour and their King.

## Laurel Hill. C. M.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We would not weep for thee;

One thought shall check the starting tear: From sorrow thou art free.

## 240

## C. M.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,  
We would not weep for thee ;  
One thought shall check the starting tear :  
From sorrow thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power  
The tears of love restrain :  
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,  
Could wish thee back again !
- 3 Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust,  
And, as thy Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end thy deep repose.
- 4 Thy Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid thee come away ;  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of Heaven's eternal day.

241

C. M.

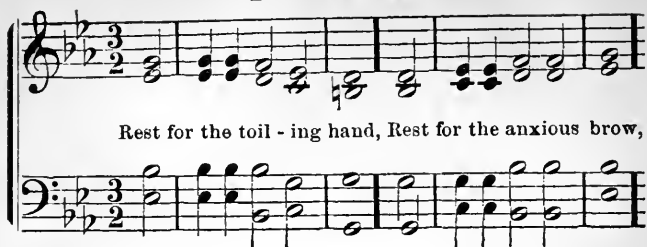
- 1 WHY should we tremble to convey  
The Christian to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 2 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 3 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord we all shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 4 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

242

C. M.

- 1 A LOVELY infant sleeps in death—  
How beautiful and fair!  
Yes, even now, though void of breath,  
God's impress still is there.
- 2 And if thus fair and lovely here,  
Beneath death's icy hand—  
Oh! will it not be beauteous there,  
'Mid the immortal band?
- 3 When Jesus bids it rise and live  
With all the saints in light,  
A glorious body then he'll give,  
Resplendent to the sight!
- 4 Though nature weeps when lovely ties  
So strongly bound are riven,  
Yet faith the Saviour's words applies,  
"Of such the realms of Heaven!"

## Dimes. S. M.



243

S. M.

- 1 REST for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow,  
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,  
Rest from all labor now ;—
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye ;  
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound,  
That shakes thy silent chamber walls,  
And breaks the seal-ed ground.
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake ! come forth and sing ;  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.

- 5 'Twas sown in weakness here ;  
    'Twill then be raised in power ;  
That which was sown an earthly seed,  
    Shall rise a heavenly flower !

**244**

S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die ?  
    This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
    Lie moldering in the clay ?
- 2 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,  
    And ever from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
    Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,  
    Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every form, and every face,  
    Look heavenly and divine ?
- 4 O Lord, accept the praise  
    Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
    With our immortal tongues.

**245**

C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from Heaven proclaims,  
    For all the pious dead :  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
    And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are blessed ;  
    How calm their slumbers are !  
From suffering and from sin released,  
    And freed from every snare.
- 3 Freed from this world of toil and strife,  
    They're sleeping in the Lord ;  
Freed from the ills of mortal life,  
    They wait a rich reward.

## Peaceful Rest. C. M. Peculiar.

SLOW AND SOFT.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Peaceful Rest'. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'SLOW AND SOFT'. The lyrics 'There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing' are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features chords and moving lines, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm

The second system of musical notation continues the hymn. It follows the same three-staff format. The lyrics 'wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm' are written below the vocal staff. The musical notation continues with similar patterns of chords and moving lines in the piano and bass parts.

for ev-ery wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-lone in Heaven.

The third and final system of musical notation for this hymn. It includes dynamic markings: *m* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) above the vocal staff, and *DIM.* (diminuendo) above the piano staff. The lyrics 'for ev-ery wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-lone in Heaven.' are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano and a sustained note in the bass.

## 246

C. M. Peculiar.

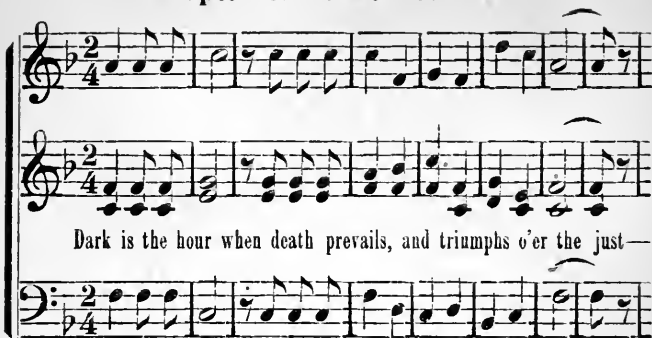
- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'Tis found alone in Heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but Heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her tearless eye,  
The heart no longer riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in Heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of Heaven.

## 247

C. M.

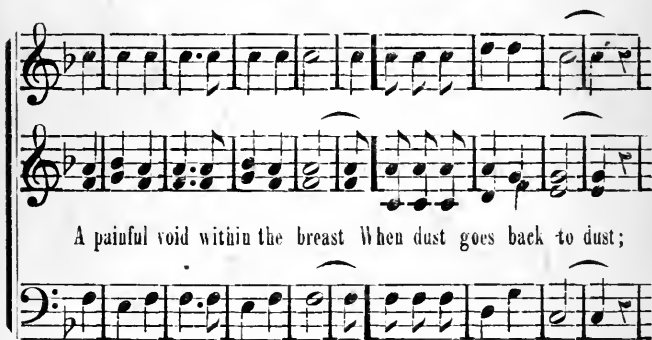
- 1 JESUS made known the path of light,  
Which righteous men shall tread ;  
He showed the way, the truth, the life,  
In rising from the dead.
- 2 Then let these fleshly yearnings cease,  
Let joy our hearts expand ;  
Death is to them a peaceful sleep,  
Who keep their Lord's command.
- 3 This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,  
And these dead bones awake,  
When Christ in glory rends the skies,  
And all the kingdoms shake.

## Hope. C. H. M. Peculiar.



Dark is the hour when death prevails, and triumphs o'er the just—

The first system of the hymn is written in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the piano staff.



A painful void within the breast When dust goes back to dust;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves with the same instrumental arrangement. The lyrics are placed below the piano staff.



And solemn is the pall, the bier, That bears them from our presence here.

The third system concludes the hymn. It follows the same three-staff format. The lyrics are placed below the piano staff.

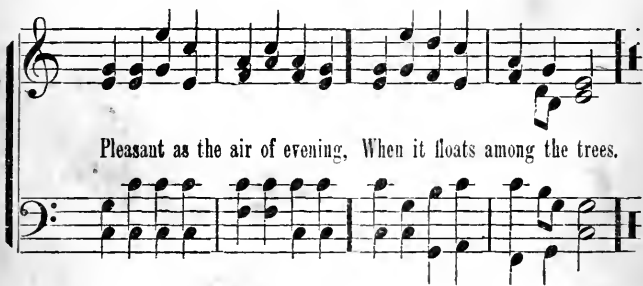


248

C. H. M. Peculiar.

- 1 DARK is the hour when death prevails,  
And triumphs o'er the just—  
A painful void within the breast,  
When dust goes back to dust ;  
And solemn is the pall, the bier,  
That bears them from our presence here.
- 2 But there's a bright, a glorious hope,  
That scatters death's dark gloom ;  
It cheers the saddened spirits up,  
It gilds the Christian's tomb ;  
It brings the resurrection near,  
When those we love shall re-appear.
- 3 Then mourn we not as those whose hopes  
With fleeting life depart ;  
For we have heard a voice from Heaven,  
To every stricken heart :  
Blest are the dead, forever blest,  
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest.
- 4 With kind regard the Lord beholds  
His saints when called to die ;  
And precious in his holy sight  
Their sacred dust shall lie,  
Till all these storms of life are o'er,  
And they shall rise to die no more.
- 5 A few more days, and we shall meet  
The loved whose toil is o'er,  
And plant with joy our bounding feet  
On Canaan's radiant shore ;  
Where, free from all earth's cares and fears,  
We'll part no more through endless years.

## Mount Vernon. 8s &amp; 7s.



## 249

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low :  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us !  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When this mortal life is fled ;  
Then, in Heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

## 250

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, Thy will be done.
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;  
Though afflicted, not alone ;  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken ;  
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne ;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, Thy will be done.
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given,  
Thou hast taken but thine own :  
Lord of earth, and God of Heaven,  
Evermore, thy will be done.

## 251

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My great Redeemer ever lives,  
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conq'ror shall appear,  
High on a royal seat ;  
And death, the last of all our foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong, immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy wondrous grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

## Go to Thy Rest.

Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re- pose;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Go to Thy Rest.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re- pose;' are written below the treble staff.

Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet' are written below the treble staff.

re-lease, Thine eye-lids gently close, From earthly cares in

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 're-lease, Thine eye-lids gently close, From earthly cares in' are written below the treble staff.

sweet re-lease, Thine eye-lids gently close; gent-ly close.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the hymn. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'sweet re-lease, Thine eye-lids gently close; gent-ly close.' are written below the treble staff.

## 252

6s &amp; 8s.

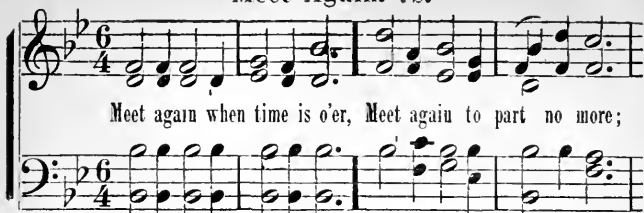
- 1 GO to thy rest in peace,  
And soft be thy repose ;  
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease,  
From earthly cares, in sweet release,  
Thine eyelids gently close.
- 2 Go to thy peaceful rest ;  
For thee we need not weep,  
Since thou art now among the blest,  
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,  
But hushed in quiet sleep.
- 3 Go to thy rest ; and while  
Thy absence we deplore,  
One thought our sorrow shall beguile ;  
For soon with a celestial smile,  
We meet to part no more.

## 253

S. M.

- 1 OH, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward !
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Then ransomed they will soar  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live  
Through the remaining years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.

## Meet Again. 7s.



2 Meet again where endless joy  
We shall taste without alloy ;  
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,  
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again, how passing sweet,  
Friends long lost again to meet ;  
Careworn souls, by tempest driven,  
Oh, how sweet to meet in Heaven !

## 255

C. M.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,  
And triumph o'er the just ?  
How long the blood of martyrs slain,  
Lie mingled with the dust ?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone ?  
When will our Lord appear ?  
Our fond desires would pray him down,  
Our love embrace him here.

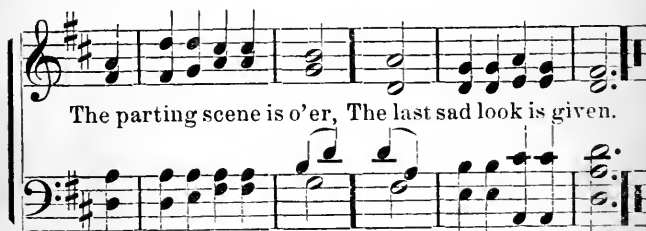
- 3 Let faith arise, and climb the hills,  
And from afar descry  
How distant are his chariot wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 We hear the voice, Ye dead, arise !  
And lo ! the graves obey ;  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 How shall our joy and wonder rise  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
On love's triumphant wing !

## 256

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !  
It melts in deep'ning gloom ;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast ;  
So sweet the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 4 And lo ! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears ;  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 5 Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore ;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death,  
Shall wake to close no more.

## Last Farewell.



2 Farewell ! my soul will weep  
While mem'ry lives ;  
From wounds that sink so deep  
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell ! and shall we meet  
In Heaven above ?  
And there in union sweet  
Sing of a Saviour's love ?

258

C. M.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
I all to thee resign,  
And bow before thy chast'ning rod ;  
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
When wisdom, truth, and love,  
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
And point to joys above.



- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here,  
How needful every cross !  
Away, my unbelieving fear,  
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name ;  
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
Forever, is the same.

**259**

L. M.

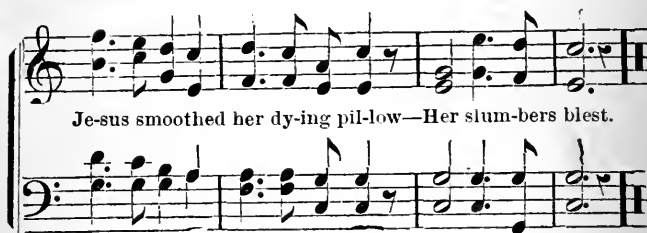
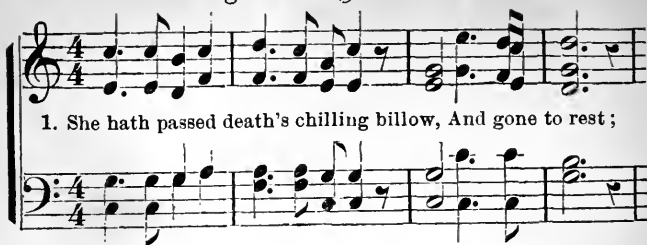
- 1 AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day,  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned high Heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod :  
O mourner, such the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God.

**260**

L. M.

- 1 The living know that they must die ;  
But all the dead unconscious lie ;  
Their powers of thought and sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 2 Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue ;  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

## Long Time Ago. 8s &amp; 4s.



- 2 From the bitter cup that's given,  
We should not shrink ;  
Since the mandate is from Heaven,  
That bids us drink.
- 3 Sleep, dear sister, kind and tender,  
To friendship true,  
While with feeling hearts we render  
This tribute due.
- 4 When the morn of glory, breaking,  
Shall light the tomb,  
Beautiful will be thy waking,  
In fadeless bloom.
- 5 Where no wintry winds are blowing,  
No burial train,  
Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,  
We'll meet again.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

262

8s &amp; 4s.

- 1 JESUS died on Calvary's mountain  
Long time ago ;  
And salvation's rolling fountain  
Now freely flows !
- 2 Once his voice, in tones of pity,  
Melted in woe,  
As he wept o'er Judah's city,  
Long time ago.
- 3 Jesus died—yet lives forever,  
No more to die—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high.
- 4 Now in Heaven he's interceding  
For dying men ;  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.
- 5 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land ;  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand.
- 6 Children, let your lamps be burning,  
In hope of Heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
At dawn or even.
- 7 When he comes, a voice from Heaven  
Shall pierce the tomb—  
Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come home.

## Chopin. C. M.

The glories of that heavenly land, I've oftentimes felt  
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly and be

be - fore; But what I feel is just a taste, And makes me  
at rest; Then would I go to Christ my love, And dwell a -

long for more. And makes me long for more.  
mong the blest. And dwell a - mong the blest.

## 263

C. M.

- 1 THE glories of that heavenly land,  
I've oftentimes felt before ;  
But what I feel is just a taste,  
And makes me long for more.
- 2 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly and be at rest ;  
Then would I go to Christ, my love,  
And dwell among the blest.
- 3 Oh ! could I reach my heavenly home,  
And ne'er return again ;  
I would not think the seasons long,  
That I should suffer pain.
- 4 But Patience bids us wait awhile !  
The crown's for them that fight ;  
The prize for those that win the race  
By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Through faith we look to yonder prize,  
Laid up in Heaven above ;  
Says Hope, It shortly shall be mine ;  
I'll wear it soon, says Love.

## 264

7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad !  
March, in heavenly armor clad ;  
Fight ! nor think the battle long ;  
Victory soon will tune your song.
- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
Soon shall every tear be dry :  
Let not fears your course impede ;  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Onward, then, to battle move !  
More than conq'ror you shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldier, onward go !

## 265

C. M.

- 1 OH ! what hath Jesus bought for me ?  
Before my ravished eyes  
Life's river all divine I see,  
And trees of paradise.
- 2 I see immortal saints in light,  
Who taste the pleasure there ;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 3 Oh ! what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t'appear,  
And worship at thy feet ?
- 4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away ;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eventful day !

## 266

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, here we fainting lie,  
And long to see thy face ;  
Descend, O Jesus, from on high,  
In mercy to our race.
- 2 How long shall that bright hour delay ?  
When will our Lord appear ?  
We long to see the glorious day  
When Jesus will draw near.
- 3 We wait to see our Lord descend,  
Arrayed in robes of light ;  
To Satan's kingdom put an end,  
And claim his proper right.
- 4 We long to hear the trumpet sound,  
And see the just arise ;  
We long to see our Saviour crowned,  
And meet him in the skies.

267

C. M.

- 1 MY soul is happy when I hear  
The Saviour is so nigh,  
And longs to see his sign appear  
Upon the opening sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,  
And trust his living word,  
And feel the coming of that day  
No longer is deferred.
- 3 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing—  
He will not tarry long—  
And fill with joy the hours that bring  
The glory of our song.
- 4 Yes, he will come ; no longer fear,  
Though earth and hell assail ;  
His word attests the moment near,  
And that can never fail.

268

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, glorious day ! ere long to dawn,  
And set death's captives free ;  
Triumphant then will they come forth,  
With shouts of victory.
- 2 And when my Saviour shall appear,  
If in the grave I lie,  
The last loud trumpet I shall hear,  
And live, no more to die.
- 3 It is enough, although I close  
In death, my weary eyes,  
In that bright morn, my Lord to see,  
And meet him in the skies.
- 4 And in that resurrection morn  
I shall his face behold ;  
'Tis then my Lord to me will give  
The starry crown of gold.

## Barnes. S. M.

Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in his of-fice wait,

Observant of his heavenly word, Observant of his heavenly word,

And watch-ful at his gate, And watch-ful at his gate.

269

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait ;  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins as in his sight ;  
His coming thus proclaim.



- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, he's near ;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

270

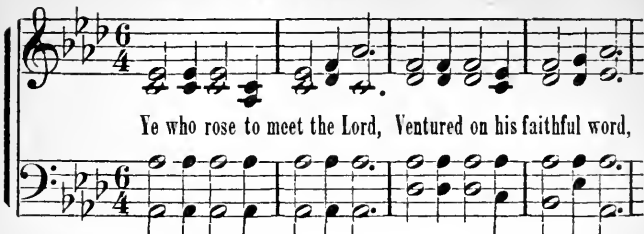
S. M.

- 1 IN expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes ! The conq'ror comes !  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, Awake !  
The saints the call obey ;  
Their joyful upward flight they take,  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace ;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

271

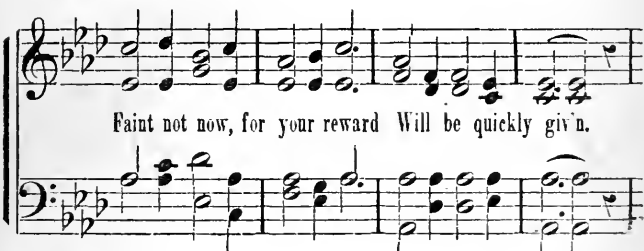
. 7s.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, thy promised hour ;  
Come in glory and in power :  
Still thy foes are unsubdued ;  
Nature sighs to be renewed.
- 2 Time has nearly reached its sum ;  
All things wait for thee to come ;  
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign forevermore."

**Morning Watch. 7s & 5s.**

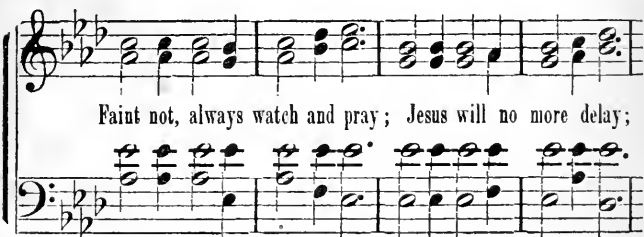
Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faithful word,

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 6/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and time signature. It provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.



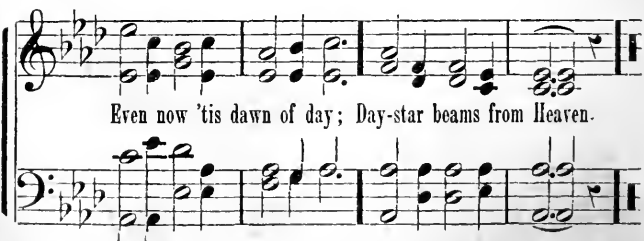
Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly giv'n.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests and a final half note. The bass staff continues the harmonic support with chords and moving lines.



Faint not, always watch and pray; Jesus will no more delay;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests and a final half note. The bass staff continues the harmonic support with chords and moving lines.



Even now 'tis dawn of day; Day-star beams from Heaven.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests and a final half note. The bass staff continues the harmonic support with chords and moving lines, ending with a final chord.

- 2 Would ye to the end endure ?  
Keep the wedding garment pure,  
Claim ye still the promise sure,  
Faithful is the Lord !  
Let your lamps be burning bright ;  
In God's word is beaming light ;  
Live by faith, and not by sight—  
Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,  
Onward, fearless, onward go,  
The good soldier's courage show,  
On to victory !  
Let thine eyes be turned to me,  
Jesus says, I'll rescue thee ;  
Overcome, and faithful be,  
Thou shalt glory see !
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky,  
Angel voices sounding high,  
Echo still the mighty cry,  
Jesus, quickly come !  
Quickly he'll return again,  
With his saints will come to reign,  
While all Heaven will shout, Amen !  
Welcome to thy throne !
- 5 Marriage supper now prepared,  
By the guests will then be shared,  
In fair, righteous robes arrayed,  
Like the Bridegroom King.  
Glory to Jehovah's name !  
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,  
To the Lamb that once was slain,  
Alleluias bring !

## 273

L. M.

- 1 WEEPING endures but for a night,  
Joy cometh with the morning light ;  
Joy cometh of celestial birth,  
Unsullied by the blight of earth.
- 2 Joy comes each faithful heart to thrill,  
That fears of change no more will chill ;  
Transporting joy, that fills the soul  
While everlasting ages roll.
- 3 Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze ;  
Beyond this dark and thorny maze  
A joy for every tear is found,  
A healing balm for every wound.
- 4 No sorrow there shall dim the eye,  
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,  
No sighs borne on the fragrant air ;  
But all shall in the glory share.
- 5 Awake, for lo, not distant far,  
The rising of the Morning Star ;  
Oh ! watch to catch the new-born ray,  
That ushers in a cloudless day.
- 6 Hail ! glorious morn, whose radiant light  
Shall bid the darkness take its flight ;  
Shall chase the shades of gloom away,  
And night be turned to endless day.

## 274

S. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and tarry not ;  
Bring the long-looked-for day ;  
Oh ! why these years of waiting here,  
Oh ! why this long delay ?
- 2 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of thy stay ;  
Worn out by these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.

- 3 Come, for the corn is ripe !  
Put in thy sickle now ;  
Reap the great harvest of the earth ;  
Sower and reaper thou.
- 4 Come, spoil the strong man's house,  
Bind him and cast him hence ;  
Show thyself stronger than the strong,  
Thyself Omnipotence.
- 5 Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace ;  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

## 275

S. M.

- 1 WE know, by faith we know,  
If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle, sink below,  
In ruinous decay—
- 2 We have a house above,  
Not made with mortal hands ;  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 3 Full of immortal hope,  
We urge the restless strife,  
And hasten to be swallowed up  
Of everlasting life.
- 4 Lord, let us put on thee  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepared thy face to see,  
Thy bright, unclouded face.
- 5 Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast the earnest given ;  
And then triumphantly come down,  
And take us up to Heaven.

## Martyn. 7s.

FINE.

{ Son of God, thy people's shield, Must we still thine absence mourn? }  
 { Let thy promise be fulfilled,—Thou hast said, I will re-tu-n. }  
 Then will cease the constant tear, Hope be turned to joyful sight.

D. C.

Gracious Master, soon appear, Quickly bring thy morning's light,  
 Then will cease the constant tear, Hope be turned to joyful sight.

## 276

## 7s. Double.

- 1 SON of God, thy people's shield,  
 Must we still thine absence mourn?  
 Let thy promise be fulfilled,—  
 Thou hast said, I will return.  
 Gracious Master, soon appear,  
 Quickly bring thy morning's light;  
 Then will cease the constant tear,  
 Hope be turned to joyful sight.
- 2 As a woman counts the days  
 Till her absent lord she sees,  
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
 So the church must long for thee.  
 Come, that we may see thee nigh;  
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace;  
 Hushed forever trouble's sigh,  
 Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

277

7s. Double.

- 1 WHEN, along life's thorny road,  
Faints the soul beneath the load ;  
When, by cares and sins oppressed,  
Earth affords no peace or rest ;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubt and fear ;—  
Jesus, to thy cross we flee ;  
Jesus, we will look to thee.
- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
List'nest to thy people's moan ;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang thy members bear.  
Full of tenderness thou art ;  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;  
Full of power, thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell !
- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave ;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of Heaven.  
Soon in glory thou shalt come,  
Taking thy poor pilgrims home ;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

278

S. M.

- 1 BEYOND this gloomy night  
Eternal beauties rise,  
A land of love, a land of light,  
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 This is the land of life,  
Where death is known no more ;  
Saints ever rest, now free from strife,  
Their present labors o'er.
- 3 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

## America. 6s &amp; 4s.

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef, a piano accompaniment staff in treble clef, and a bass staff in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "Break, break eternal day, Bid darkness flee away, Pour on" are written below the vocal staff.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef, a piano accompaniment staff in treble clef, and a bass staff in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "our sight, Light from the world of joy, Bliss pure without al-" are written below the vocal staff.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef, a piano accompaniment staff in treble clef, and a bass staff in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "loy, Then ne'er shall gloom annoy, All shall be bright." are written below the vocal staff.



279

6s & 4s.

- 1 BREAK, break, eternal day,  
Bid darkness flee away,  
Pour on our sight—  
Light from the world of joy,  
Bliss pure without alloy ;  
Then ne'er shall gloom annoy,  
All shall be bright.
- 2 Rise, rise, thou glorious sun,  
Hasten thy race to run ;  
At God's command,  
Extend thy healing wings,  
Open joy's long-sealed springs,  
Reign, O thou King of kings,  
In this dark land.
- 3 Come, come, thou conquering One,  
Reign thou upon thy throne,  
In glory bright ;  
Then shall the ransomed raise,  
Unceasing songs of praise,  
Throughout eternal days,  
In realms of light.

280

H. M.

- 1 THE day comes on apace ;  
Soon shall the night be past ;  
Who trust the Saviour's grace  
Shall see his face at last ;  
The clouds that now obstruct their sight  
Shall quickly all be put to flight.
- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads ;  
Salvation draweth nigh ;  
See where the morning spreads  
Its radiance through the sky !  
Oh, let the sight your spirits cheer !  
The Lord himself will soon appear.

## 281

P. M.

- 1 OH ! how I long to see that day  
When the redeemed shall come  
To Zion, clad in white array—  
Their blissful, happy home.

CHORUS.—Oh ! bear me on, bear me on  
To Mount Zion ;  
Then bear me on to that city of love,  
Where saints will ever dwell.

- 2 To hear the alleluias roll  
From the unnumbered throng,  
And with a Heaven-enraptured soul  
To join redemption's song.

CHO.—Oh ! bear me on, &c.

- 3 To see all Israel safe at home,  
Singing on Zion's hight ;  
And Jesus crowned upon his throne,  
Creation own his right.

CHO.—Oh ! bear me on, &c.

- 4 All hail ! the morn of glory's nigh,  
The pilgrim longs to see,  
That dries the tear from every eye—  
Creation's jubilee.

CHO.—Oh ! bear me on, &c.

- 5 Jerusalem I long to see,  
Blest city of my King ;  
And eat the fruit of life's fair tree,  
And hear the blood-washed sing.

CHO.—Oh ! bear me on, &c.

- 6 My longing heart cries out, Oh, come !  
Creation groans for thee !  
The weary pilgrim sighs, Oh, come !  
Bring immortality !

CHO.—Oh ! bear me on, &c.

282

10s, 6s &amp; 8s.

- 1 THERE is a land, a better land than this—  
There's my home, there's my home !  
A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss—  
There's my home, there's my home.  
A captive on this desert shore,  
I long to count my exile o'er,  
And be where sorrows come no more ;  
There's my home, there's my home.
- 2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore—  
I would go, I would go ;  
But yet my days of exile are not o'er—  
I would go, I would go.  
I would not stay though earth were mine ;  
Though all its treasures for me shine,  
A captive here I still would pine—  
I would go, I would go.
- 3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear—  
There's my home, there's my home ;  
How long a pilgrim must I wander here ?  
There's my home, there's my home.  
Oh ! tell me that I soon shall be,  
With all the ransomed exiles, free,  
There in that land I long to see ;  
There's my home, there's my home.
- 4 There is a land, a brighter land than this—  
Joys are there, joys are there ;  
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
Reaches there, reaches there.  
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
And crystal streams that never dry ;  
Oh ! give me wings, I now would fly,  
And be there, and be there.

## Ariel. C. P. M.

Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Ariel. C. P. M.'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

In notes al-most di-vine; In notes al-most di-vine.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

283

C. P. M.

1 OH ! could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh ! could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the character he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will take me home,  
And I shall see his face :  
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

284

C. M.

1 BEHOLD I come ! the Saviour cries,  
On wings of love I fly ;  
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,  
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come, plead thy truth's much-injured cause,  
And make thy glory shine ;  
Come, vindicate thy righteous laws,  
With majesty divine.

3 With winged speed, Redeemer, dear,  
Bring on th' illustrious day ;  
Let not our hopes give way to fear  
Beneath thy long delay.

## 285

7s, 6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 HARK ! hark ! hear the blest tidings ;  
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed in honor and glory,  
To gather his ransomed ones home.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
To gather his ransomed ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,  
Sing, sing, Glory to God !  
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,  
Publish the tidings abroad.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright seraphs attending,  
Shouts, shouts, filling the air ;  
Down, down swiftly from Heaven,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now through a glass darkly,  
Shine, shine visions to come ;  
Soon, soon we shall behold them,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.
- 5 Long, long we have been waiting,  
Who, who love his blest name ;  
Now, now we are delighting,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 6 Still, still rest on the promise,  
Cling, cling fast to his word ;  
Wait, wait if he should tarry,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.  
Yes, yes, oh ! yes,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.

286

7s, 6s &amp; 4s.

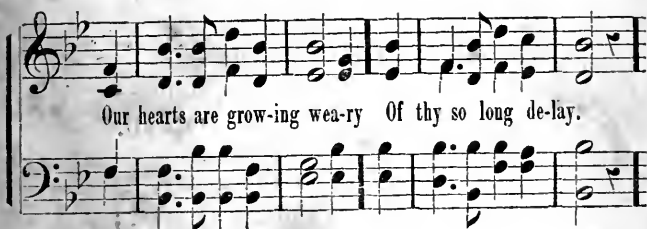
- 1 HOME, home beameth before us !  
When, when shall we be there ?  
Long, long, here we have wandered,  
Burdened with sorrow and care ;  
Home, home, home, home—  
Sorrow breathes not in its air.
- 2 Home, home, there in thy bowers,  
Sweet, sweet music shall swell ;  
Sin, sin never can enter ;  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell—  
Home, home, home, home—  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell.
- 3 Home, home, rest to the weary,  
Peace, peace, to the torn breast ;  
Hope, hope, hope of the erring—  
There in thy bosom he'll rest !  
Home, home, home, home—  
There will the wanderers rest.
- 4 Home, home, bliss to the parted ;  
Friends, friends, meet on its shore ;  
Here, here, lonely they've left us ;  
Soon we'll be parted no more.  
Home, home, home, home—  
Friends will be parted no more.
- 5 Home, home, let us now hasten,  
See, see, angels above !  
Hark ! hark ! now do they call us,  
Home to their dwelling of love.  
Home, home, home, home—  
Home of our Father's kind love.

## Prayer of the Church. 7s &amp; 6s.



How long, O Lord, our Sav-iour, Wilt thou re-main a-way?

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Our hearts are grow-ing wea-ry Of thy so long de-lay.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Oh! when shall come the moment When, brighter far than morn,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



The sun-shine of thy glo-ry shall on thy peo-ple dawn.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



287

7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 HOW long, O Lord our Saviour,  
Wilt thou remain away ?  
Our hearts are growing weary  
Of thy so long delay.  
Oh ! when shall come the moment,  
When, brighter far than morn,  
The sunshine of thy glory  
Shall on thy people dawn ?
- 2 How long, O gracious Master,  
Wilt thou thy household leave ?  
So long hast thou now tarried,  
Few thy return believe.  
Immersed in sloth and folly,  
Thy servants, Lord, we see ;  
And few of us stand ready  
With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 Oh ! wake thy slumbering people ;  
Send forth the solemn cry ;  
Let all the saints repeat it,  
The Saviour draweth nigh !  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy thy face to see.

288

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, will come again,  
None shall wait for him in vain ;  
I shall then his glory see ;  
Christ will come and call for me.
- 2 Then, when the Archangel's voice  
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,  
Rising millions shall proclaim  
Blessings on the Saviour's name.
- 3 Hail ! redeeming Son of God !  
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud ;  
Praise, eternal praise be given  
To the Lord of earth and Heaven !

## 289

P. M.

- 1 LONG for my Saviour I've been waiting,  
 Long time have watched by night and day ;  
 Feared, lest my faith and hope abating,  
 I should lose courage by the way.

CHORUS.—Jesus soon is coming ;  
 This is my song—  
 Cheers the heart when joys depart,  
 And foes are pressing strong.

- 2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow,  
 I have been wandering many years ;  
 Still looking for that happy morrow,  
 When God would wipe away my tears.

CHO.—Jesus soon is coming, &c.

- 3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,  
 Fain then would lead my steps astray ;  
 But when the clouds begin to lower,  
 Hope turns the darkness into day.

CHO.—Jesus soon is coming, &c.

- 4 Oh ! it will be but little longer,  
 I must these many woes endure ;  
 Then let my faith and hope grow stronger,  
 My Father's promise still is sure.

CHO.—Jesus soon is coming, &c.

## 290

P. M.

- 1 LO ! the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn,  
 When the King shall in glory descend :  
 We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,  
 In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHORUS.

O Saviour ! dear Saviour ! O Saviour come !  
 Here we mourn and we sigh, and we still ever cry,  
 Come and gather the faithful home.

- 2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,  
And they looked for the same with delight ;  
And apostles have told of a city of gold,  
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.

CHO.—O Saviour ! dear Saviour ! &c.

- 3 Oh ! we long to be there, where no sorrow or care  
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest ;  
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare  
In reserve for the good and the blest.

CHO.—O Saviour ! dear Saviour ! &c.

291

8s & 7s. Double.

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children  
From the foe's destructive power ;  
Save, O save them, Lord, from falling  
In this dark and trying hour.  
Thou wilt surely prove thy people,  
All our graces must be tried ;  
But thy word illumines our pathway,  
And in God we still confide.

- 2 We are in the time of waiting ;  
Soon we shall behold our Lord,  
Wafted far away from sorrow,  
To receive our rich reward.  
Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,  
Pure, unspotted from the world ;  
Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us,  
Till thy banner is unfurled.

- 3 With what joyful exultation  
Shall the saints thy banner see,  
When the Lord for whom we've waited,  
Shall proclaim the Jubilee !  
Freedom from this world's pollutions ;  
Freedom from all sin and pain ;  
Freedom from the wiles of Satan,  
And from death's destructive reign.

## Zion. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

Watch-man on the walls of Zi-on, What, O tell us,  
Is the day-star now a-ris-ing? Will the morn soon

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains the first line of the melody. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both piano parts provide harmonic support for the vocal line.

of the night? } O'er your vision, Shine there now some rays of  
greet our sight? }

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a repeat sign at the end of the first measure. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

light? O'er your vision, Shine there now, some rays of light?

This system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

292

8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

1 WATCHMEN on the walls of Zion,  
What, oh ! tell us, of the night ?  
Is the day-star now arising ?  
Will the morn soon greet our sight ?  
O'er your vision,  
Shine there now some rays of light ?

2 Tell, oh ! tell us, are the landmarks  
On our voyage all passed by ?  
Are we nearing now the haven ?  
Can we e'en the land descry ?  
Do we truly  
See the heavenly kingdom nigh ?

3 Light is beaming ; day is coming !  
Let us sound aloud the cry ;  
We behold the day-star rising  
Pure and bright in yonder sky !  
Saints, be joyful—  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

4 We have found the chart and compass,  
And are sure the land is near ;  
Onward, onward we are hasting,  
Soon the haven will appear ;  
Let your voices  
Sound aloud your holy cheer.

293

C. M.

1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long :  
He comes to reign on David's throne ;  
Lift up your joyful song.

2 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thine advent shall proclaim ;  
And Heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

## Home. 11s.

'Mid scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed, How oft have I

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

sighed for the season of rest, When no more in this wilderness world I

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

shall roam, But find, in the bo-som of Je - sus, a home.

The third system concludes the first phrase. The treble staff ends with a half note, and the bass staff continues with a final accompaniment line.

Home, sweet home, But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final chord, and the bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment.

## 294

11s.

- 1 'MID scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed,  
 How oft have I sighed for the season of rest,  
 When no more in this wilderness world I shall roam,  
 But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.  
     Home, sweet home—  
 But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
- 2 No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss,  
 No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this;  
 But beyond the bright azure, the star-spangled dome,  
 We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.  
     Home, sweet home—  
 We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
- 3 This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and drear,  
 And points to the haven of rest that is near;  
 Oh! there, in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,  
 And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.  
     Home, sweet home—  
 And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

## 295

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 TIME, thou speedest on but slowly;  
     Hours, how tardy is your pace!  
 Ere with Him, the high and holy,  
     I hold converse face to face.  
 Here is naught but care and mourning;  
     Comes a joy, it will not stay;  
 Fairly shines the sun at dawning,  
     Night will soon o'ercloud the day.
- 2 Onward then! not long I wander  
     Ere my Saviour comes for me,  
 And with him abiding yonder,  
     All his glory I shall see.  
 Oh, the music and the singing  
     Of the hosts redeemed by love!  
 Oh, the hallelujahs ringing  
     Through the halls of light above!

## Triumph. 10s.

Lonely and weary, by sorrow oppressed, Onward we hasten with  
 Bidding adieu to the world with its pride, Longing to stand by Im-

longings for rest, }  
 man-n-el's side. } Though we are pilgrims, before us now rise

Visions of glory rejoicing our eyes. Bright are the crowns that we

hope soon to wear, Blessed the rest, oh! we long to be there.



- 2 There is the city in splendor, sublime—  
Oh ! how its turrets and battlements shine !  
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,  
Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.  
Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,  
Glittering with glory far brighter than morn ;  
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share  
Glory unfading—we long to be there.
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze ;  
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,  
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green ;  
There shall the glory of God ever be,  
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea ;  
There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,  
Evermore dwell—oh ! we long to be there.

**297**

10s.

- 1 DAY of redemption, when shall we behold  
Earth overwhelmed with thy splendor untold ?  
Dark is this desert, and weary our road ;  
Oh, for that day-spring that cometh from God !  
Deep are earth's shadows, its sorrows and gloom ;  
Oft is its gladness laid low in the tomb.  
Joys and rejoicings, like shadows depart,  
Griefs and afflictions abide in the heart.
- 2 Many the sorrows this sad earth has known ;  
Hopes have been withered, and hearts have been torn ;  
Tears have been gushing from fountains of grief ;  
Oh, for that morning which brings us relief !  
Ah, we have tasted of blessings to come ;  
On we have hasted to gain them at home ;  
There, in the light of eternity's morn,  
Glad shall the saints sing the conquerors' song.

## Contrast. 8s.

First system of music. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics for the vocal line are: "We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;"

Second system of music. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the vocal line are: "And oft are its glories confessed; But what must it be to be there?"

Third system of music. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the vocal line are: "We speak of its pathway of gold; Its walls decked with jewels so rare;"

298

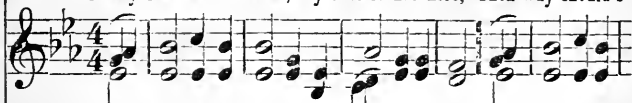
8s.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confessed ;  
But what must it be to be there !  
We speak of its pathway of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there !  
We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the church of the first-born above—  
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :  
The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air ;  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.
- 4 Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,  
Still for Heaven my spirit prepare ;  
And shortly I also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.  
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,  
In glory celestial and fair,  
With saints and with angels at home,  
And Jesus himself will be there.

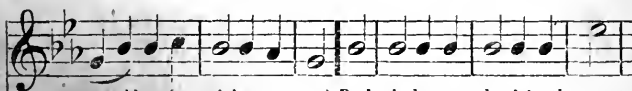
## My Rest is in Heaven. 11s.



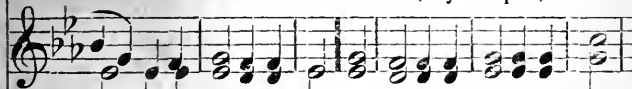
1. My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I



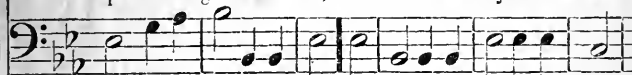
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, Or building my



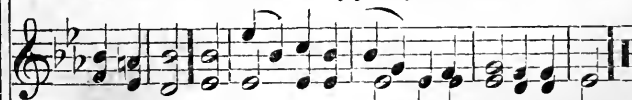
tremble when trials are near? Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst



hopes in a region like this; I look for a cit-y that hands



that can come, But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.



have not piled, I pant for a coun-try by sin un-de-filed.



- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.
- 4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,  
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;  
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
- 5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,  
They only make Heaven more sweet at its close ;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;  
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

**300**

11s.

- 1 IN the midst of temptation, and sorrow, and strife;  
And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,  
I look to a blessed earth, free from all care ;  
The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there !
- 2 When the wicked are scoffing, because I believe  
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—  
I weep for their folly, and breathe forth a prayer,  
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there !
- 3 By the clear flowing river of life I will sing  
My triumph through Jesus, My Saviour and King,  
And praise him who brought me, a sinner, to share  
A feast of fat things—oh, I long to be there !
- 4 I long to be there ! and the thought that 'tis near,  
Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear,  
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,  
The earth robed in beauty—I long to be there !

## 301

P. M.

- 1 'T WAS a doleful night on Calvary's hight,  
When the Lamb of God was slain ;  
But hope's cheering ray shone bright o'er the day  
When he rose from the tomb again.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, my Saviour ! dear Saviour, come !  
Our hearts weary grow of thy longer delay—  
Oh ! hasten to gather us home.

- 2 I go, he said, to prepare a place,  
Blest mansions in glory's domain ;  
And the promise sure, sweetly fell from his lips,  
For you I'll return again.

CHORUS.—O Jesus, my Saviour ! &amp;c.

- 3 How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep,  
For the rightful heir to reign ?  
And the myriad saints in silence sleep,  
Who wait thy return again ?

CHORUS.—O Jesus, my Saviour ! &amp;c.

- 4 See the signs fulfilled of his advent near !  
Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign !  
Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay,  
That brings his return again.

CHORUS.—O Jesus, my Saviour ! &amp;c.

- 5 The soul that once bowed with its burden of woe,  
Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain,  
And a dazzling crown deck the careworn brow,  
When the King in his beauty shall reign !

CHORUS.—O Jesus, my Saviour ! &amp;c.

- 6 No tears nor death shall await them more,  
Who the better land attain ;  
Oh ! we long to hail, with rapturous joy,  
Thy glorious return again.

CHORUS.—O Jesus, my Saviour ! &amp;c.

## 302

L. M.

- 1 LONE pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh—  
Look up ! redemption draweth nigh.  
Have loved ones gone, does earth look drear ?  
Look up ! shed not that bitter tear.
- 2 What though the heart is saddened now,  
And shadows gather on thy brow,  
And grief the bosom heaving still—  
Look up ! submit to Heaven's own will.
- 3 Do trials, unexpected, rise ?  
Look up ! and view the glorious prize ;  
Let not life's sorrows press you down—  
Look up ! prepare to take the crown.
- 4 Lift up your head, rejoice and sing—  
Look up ! by faith behold your King.  
He soon is coming, heed his call—  
Look up ! and make your God your all.
- 5 He'll come, all troubles here to end ;  
He'll come, a never-failing friend ;  
He'll come to take his children home—  
Look up ! and pray, Lord, quickly come.

## 303

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we would know thy love  
Which yet no measure knows ;  
For us it led thee once to die—  
From thence salvation flows:
- 2 Fain would we strike the golden harp,  
And wear the promised crown ;  
And at thy feet while bending low,  
Would sing what grace hath done.
- 3 Then leave us not in this dark world,  
As strangers long to roam ;  
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,  
Come, Jesus, quickly come !

## SECOND ADVENT.

Tamworth. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

{ Lo! He comes; th' Archangel's trumpet Wakes to life the slumbering dead;  
'Mid ten thou-sand thou-sand an-gels, See their great, ex-alted Head;

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

304

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 LO! He comes; th' Archangel's trumpet  
Wakes to life the slumbering dead;  
'Mid ten thousand thousand angels,  
See their great exalted Head;  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints behold the Judge appear;  
Truth and justice go before him;  
Now the joyful sentence hear:  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.



- 3 Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Enter into life and joy ;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows ;  
Endless praise be your employ :  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome to your great reward.

## 305

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 HARK ! th' Archangel's trump is sounding,  
Solemn tones break on the ear ;  
Louder now its echoes bounding,  
All the earth astonished hear :  
Hallelujah !  
Christ our Saviour doth appear.
- 2 See the righteous dead are waking,  
Coming forth from dust anew ;  
Light resplendent o'er them breaking—  
Jesus Christ appears to view !  
Hallelujah !  
They have found the promise true.
- 3 Now the happy throng in union  
Rise to meet their coming Lord ;  
Joyfully they hold communion,  
Entering on their great reward.  
Hallelujah !  
Praise his gracious name and word.
- 4 Freed from every pain and sorrow,  
Every tear is wiped away ;  
No forebodings of a morrow  
Dark and fearful—all is day !  
Day forever,  
With the saints, a blissful day.

## Happy Day. L. M.

Oh, happy day! that bursts the tomb, And sets the joyful pris'ners free; }  
 That lifts the saints from death and gloom, To life and immortality. }

The first system of the musical score is in 3/2 time, key of D major (one sharp). It consists of three staves: a vocal line with a treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the right hand with a treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in the left hand with a bass clef. The lyrics are written between the vocal and right-hand staves.

Happy day! happy day! For thee we'll wait and watch and pray;  
 Happy day! happy day! For thee we'll wait and watch and pray.

The second system continues the melody in 3/2 time, key of D major. It also consists of three staves (vocal, right-hand piano, and left-hand piano). The lyrics are written between the vocal and right-hand staves.

D. C.

We bid thy hours no more delay; Oh! chase the shades of night away.

The third system is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo) and features a repeat sign. It continues in 3/2 time, key of D major, with three staves. The lyrics are written between the vocal and right-hand staves.

306

L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day ! that bursts the tomb,  
And sets the joyful pris'ners free ;  
That lifts the saints from death and gloom,  
To life and immortality.

CHORUS.—Happy day ! happy day !  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray ;  
We bid thy hours no more delay ;  
Oh ! chase the shades of night away.  
Happy day ! happy day !  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray.

- 2 O happy day ! when earth so bright,  
In Eden robes shall bloom again ;  
Her beauty no decay shall blight,  
Nor death e'er tread her wide domain.

CHO.—Happy day, &c.

- 3 O happy day ! when far around,  
Through all this universal frame,  
One glorious anthem shall resound,  
Of blessing to Jehovah's name.

CHO.—Happy day, &c.

- 4 O happy day ! that knows no night ;  
Nor sorrow with thy joy shall blend ;  
No clouds shall e'er obscure thy light ;  
Thy scenes of glory ne'er shall end.

CHO.—Happy day, &c.

307

L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh ;  
He soon will rend the azure sky,  
Descending swift to earth again,  
When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 Saints, lift your heads ; that day is near  
When your Redeemer shall appear,  
To take the kingdom and the crown,  
And make his ransomed church his own.

## 308

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is coming ! let this be  
The herald note of jubilee ;  
And when we meet, and when we part,  
The salutation from the heart.
- 2 The Lord is coming ! sound it forth,  
From East to West, from South to North.  
Speed on ! speed on the tidings glad,  
That none who love him may be sad.
- 3 The Lord is coming ! saints, rejoice !  
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,  
Majestic, uttered from afar,  
As on he hastes his conq'ring car.
- 4 The Lord is coming ! vengeful, dire  
Are all his judgments and his ire,  
And none can hope t' escape his wrath,  
Who walk not in the narrow path.
- 5 The Lord is coming ! seas, retire !  
Ye mountains, melt to liquid fire !  
Ye oceans, cease to ebb and flow !  
His stately steppings ye should know.
- 6 The Lord is coming ! who shall stand !  
Who shall be found at his right hand ?  
He that hath the white garments on  
That Christ our righteous King hath won.
- 7 The Lord is coming ! watch and pray !  
Watch ye, and haste unto the day ;  
So shalt thou then escape the snare,  
And Christ's eternal glory share.
- 8 The Lord is coming ! let this be  
The herald note of jubilee ;  
And often as we meet and part,  
The salutation from the heart.

309

L. M.

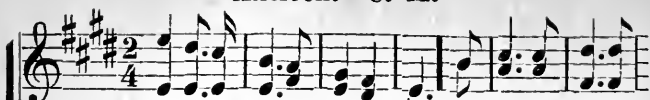
- 1 STAR of our hope ! he'll soon appear,  
The last loud trumpet speaks him near ;  
Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole—  
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From Heaven angelic voices sound :  
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,  
Arrayed in majesty divine,  
And in his highest glories shine.
- 3 The grave yields up its precious trust,  
Which long has slumbered in the dust,  
Resplendent forms ascending fair,  
To meet the Saviour in the air.
- 4 Descending with his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own ;  
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,  
And hail him their triumphant King.
- 5 Oh ! joyful day, when he appears  
With all his saints, to end their fears ;  
Our Lord will then his right obtain,  
And in his kingdom ever reign.

310

L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;  
And though to worms my flesh he gives,  
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this re-animated clay,  
I surely shall behold him near ;  
Shall see him in the latter day,  
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 With mine and not another's eyes,  
The King in beauty I shall view ;  
I shall from him receive the prize,  
The starry crown to victors due.

## Antioch. C. M.



Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-ceive her



King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him



room, And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture  
And Heav'n and nature sing, . . .



And Heav'n and nature sing, And



sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and nature sing.



Heav'n and nature sing, And Heav'n and na - ture sing.

## 311

C. M.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord will come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And Heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace,  
And make the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## 312

C. M.

- 1 AS Jesus died, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead ;  
So his disciples rise and reign  
With their triumphant Head.
- 2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend ;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go ;  
And dwell forever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

## 313

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came—  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 2 The Lord will come !—a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 3 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?  
O God ! is this the Crucified ?
- 4 Ye men of earth, to mountains call ;  
Bid ragged rocks upon you fall ;  
Seek, in the cavern's gloomy maze,  
A refuge from his piercing gaze.
- 5 But saints who here have waited long,  
Now raise with joy the choral song,  
Lo ! this is he, our coming Lord,  
He saves according to his word.

## 314

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here ;  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords shall soon appear.  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Lo ! 'tis He ! our heart's desire,  
Come for his elect below :  
Come to join us with the choir,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow ;  
Palms of victory,  
Crowns of glory to bestow.



- 3 Yes, the prize shall soon be given ;  
We his open face shall see ;  
Love, the earnest of our Heaven,  
Love our full reward shall be ;  
Love shall crown us  
Kings through all eternity.

315

C. P. M.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear ?  
'Tis Michael's trump methinks I hear ;  
Th' expected day has come.  
Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Proclaim the year of Jubilee ;  
Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear.  
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
To meet the Bridegroom, lo ! he comes,  
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there ;  
I long to rise and wing the air,  
And trace the sacred road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things ;  
Oh ! that I had an angel's wings,  
I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, oh, fly !  
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,  
Angelic joys to prove !  
Soon I'll receive, from Christ my Lord,  
Eternal life, the great reward,  
And shout redeeming love.

## Zerah. C. M.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high;

Awake and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.

Awake and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.

317

C. M.

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears,  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third Heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
Ye saints, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King !
- 4 The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode ;  
Men are the objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.
- 6 How bright the vision ! Oh, how long  
Shall this glad hour delay ?  
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day !

318

P. M.

- 1 HEAR the glorious proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Hear the glorious proclamation,  
Of the Saviour near.

CHORUS.—While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
Shall be chanting through the sky.

- 2 Hark ! the tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes, the world controlling !  
Hark ! the tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes to reign.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

- 3 See the sign in heaven appearing,  
And the blazing chariot nearing,  
See the sign in heaven appearing,  
And the Saviour there.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

- 4 See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the dead to life awaking,  
See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the saints arise.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

- 5 Now on wings of light ascending,  
With a shining host attending,  
Now on wings of light ascending,  
See them mount the skies.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

- 6 See, the banner waves in glory,  
While ten thousand tell the story,  
See, the banner waves in glory,  
And the saints are there.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

- 7 They are saved from death forever,  
 Praise to Him who did deliver,  
 They are saved from death forever,  
 And to die no more.

CHO.—While the choir of angels, &c.

## 319

H. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, my spirit longs  
 To see the glorious day  
 When saints with joyful songs  
 And lifted eyes shall say,  
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
 He comes according to his word.
- 2 He comes to set us free  
 From every galling chain,  
 In glorious liberty,  
 In endless life to reign.  
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
 He comes according to his word.
- 3 To David's glorious Son,  
 The glad hosanna raise,  
 His blissful reign begun,  
 Shall last through endless days.  
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
 He comes according to his word.
- 4 From sin, and death, and hell,  
 We evermore are free,  
 With Christ henceforth to dwell,  
 And all his glory see.  
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
 He comes according to his word.
- 5 The Saviour promised long,  
 Appears, on earth to reign ;  
 Awake the swelling song,  
 Loud peal the lofty strain,  
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
 He comes according to his word.

## The Chariot. 12s.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 2/2 time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line. The lyrics 'The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh' are written below the top staff.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves. The top staff melody includes a half note with a fermata. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics 'down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self-moving it drives on its' are written below the top staff.

down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self-moving it drives on its

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with three staves. The top staff melody ends with a half note and a fermata. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics 'pathway of cloud, And the Heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bowed.' are written below the top staff.

pathway of cloud, And the Heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bowed.

## 320

12s.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;  
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of God-head are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 4 Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from above,  
Great Creator, on us thy sad children, with love;  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
May we find a reward and a mansion in Heaven.

## 321

12s.

- 1 GLAD tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,  
And our glorious Deliv'rer will soon, soon appear;  
In the clouds of bright glory to our rescue he'll come,  
And the angels will hail us to Heaven, our home.
- 2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;  
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;  
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise  
To the Lord, our Redeemer, in accents of praise.
- 3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,  
And the voice of th' Archangel we shortly shall hear,  
Deep confounding the nations, awaking the dead  
From their cold, dusty pillows where long they have laid.
- 4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;  
Then rejoice, ye sad exiles, your triumph is near;  
Lo! the promised possession we soon shall receive,  
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

## 322

7s.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come !  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !  
With thy holy train descend ;  
Then our earthly trials end.
- 2 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days ;  
We for full redemption groan ;  
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 3 Now destroy the Man of Sin ;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in !  
Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.
- 4 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;  
Glorious in thy saints appear ;  
Speak the sacred number sealed ;  
Speak the mystery revealed.
- 5 Take to thee thy royal power ;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;  
Reign, when death no more shall be ;  
Reign to all eternity.

## 323

7s.

- 1 CLOUDS of glory lingering,  
Haste ! our blessed Jesus bring ;  
Gleam no longer from afar,  
Like a dim, uncertain star.
- 2 Speed thy coming, blessed One !  
We are fainting, sad, and lone ;  
Why doth yet the star of day  
Its bright rising thus delay ?
- 3 Meek and humble trusting ones,  
Zion's suffering, trodden sons,  
Day and night prevail in prayer,  
Till the kingdom ye shall share.



324

L. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour comes to raise the just,  
Who long have slumbered in the dust ;  
His voice will break their long repose,  
And snatch them from the last of foes.
- 2 He comes to change the waiting ones,  
Who now endure the world's cold frowns ;  
Their feet are planted on the Rock ;  
They fear not, though a little flock.
- 3 Sinner, dost thou not dread thy doom ?  
The retribution hastens on ;  
Stern justice lifts th' avenging sword,  
To slay the mocker of God's word.
- 4 Oh ! then repent ere the decree,  
Let him that's filthy, filthy be,  
From the stern Judge's lips shall fall,  
And thou for rocks and mountains call.

325

L. M.

- 1 A LITTLE while, our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more ;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where he for us has gone before.
- 2 A little while, he'll come again ;  
Let us the precious hours redeem,  
Our only grief to give him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow him.
- 3 A little while, 'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the shame and cross !  
Oh ! let us in his footsteps haste,  
Counting for him all else but loss.
- 4 A little while—come, Saviour, come !  
For thee thy church has tarried long ;  
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,  
To sing the new, eternal song.

## Hendon. 7s.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef, a piano accompaniment staff in treble clef, and a bass staff in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from".

Second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "yonder cloud; Jesus comes, and, through the sky, Angels tell".

Third system of the musical score. It concludes the three-staff format. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "their joy a - loud; An - gels tell their joy a - loud.".

## 326

7s.

- 1 HARK ! that shout of rapture high,  
Bursting forth from yonder cloud ;  
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,  
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice  
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land ;  
Let his people now rejoice ;  
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view ;  
Heaven and earth before him fly ;  
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you ;  
Rise, to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go and dwell with him above,  
Where no foe can e'er molest ;  
Happy in the Saviour's love,  
Ever blessing, ever blest.

## 327

7s.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders have appeared ;  
Earth has groaned with bloody wars,  
And the hearts of men have feared.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;  
Darker storms the mountains sweep,  
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
- 3 Boding thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt, and restless fear ;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not, ye his chosen race ;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

## THE JUDGMENT.

328

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Lord in glory nearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, This God is mine !  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee.  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow ;  
You forever  
Shall my love and glory know.

329

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain ;  
Countless angels him attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty !  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see !
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate him, must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day—  
Come to Judgment !  
Come to Judgment ! Come away !
- 4 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thy eternal throne !  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Make thy righteous sentence known ;  
Oh ! come quickly—  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !

**330**

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the day is come ;  
The righteous Judge is near ;  
And sinners, trembling at their doom,  
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels, in bright attire,  
Conduct him through the skies ;  
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,  
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 The whole creation groans ;  
But saints arise and sing :  
They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

## Sessions. L. M.

He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in lofty strains

Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise exalt their voice.

## 331

## L. M.

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Sing to his name in lofty strains ;  
Let all the saints in songs rejoice,  
And in his praise exalt their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
Before him burns devouring fire ;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with wild dismay  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## 332

L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away—  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,—
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## 333

L. M.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens over thee !  
Black clouds of gloom are gathering fast !  
In awful power thy God has come,  
Thy days of sin and mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens over thee !  
Red flames of death are bursting round ;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,  
How shakes the heaving, broken ground !
- 3 Dark brood the heavens over thee !  
Behold, the Judge of all appears ;  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the buried dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens over thee !  
Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom ;  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy blindly chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers yet ;  
Why, sinner, oh ! why wilt thou die ?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits ;  
This hour to Christ, thy Saviour, fly.

## 334

P. M.

- 1 THE great decisive day is at hand, is at hand !  
The great decisive day is at hand :  
The day when Christ will come,  
To call his children home,  
And to seal the sinner's doom,  
Is at hand, is at hand ;  
And to seal the sinner's doom, is at hand.
- 2 Those who made his crown of thorns will be there,  
will be there !  
Those who made his crown of thorns will be there.  
Those who smote him with the reed,  
Upon his sacred head,  
And made his temples bleed,  
Will be there, will be there ;  
And made his temples bleed, will be there.
- 3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in that day ?  
Where will the sinner hide in that day ?  
It will be in vain to call,  
Ye mountains on us fall,  
For his hand will find out all  
In that day, in that day ;  
For his hand will find out all in that day.

## 335

C. M.

- 1 A DAY of awful grandeur dawns,  
And lo ! the Judge appears ;  
Ye heavens, retire before his face ;  
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 2 The day approaches, O my soul,  
The great decisive day  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—  
One precious hour—remain ;  
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.



## 336

C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come—  
Th' appointed hour makes haste—  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, Depart !
- 3 What ! to be banished from my Lord,  
To rocks and mountains cry !  
And yet to them must call in vain ;  
For who his wrath can fly ?
- 4 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I cannot taste his love !

## 337

C. M.

- 1 THE angel comes ; he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord ;  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they in sheaves to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound ?  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they reserved in store,  
God's treasure-house to fill ?  
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore,  
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power,  
Thy fiery wrath to flee ;  
In thy destroying angel's hour,  
Oh ! gather us to thee.

## 338

C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to Judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes ; every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live !  
With what religious fear ;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow ;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

## 339

S. M.

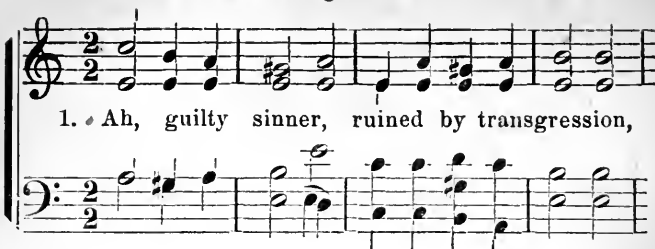
- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,  
The latest call of grace ;  
The day is come, the vengeful day,  
Of a devoted race.
- 2 To shelter the distressed,  
He did the cross endure ;  
Enter into the clefts, and rest  
In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword ;  
Our city of defense is nigh,  
Our help is in the Lord.
- 4 Or, if the scourge o'erflow,  
And laugh at innocence,  
Thine everlasting arms, we know,  
Shall be our sure defense.

340

L. M. Double.

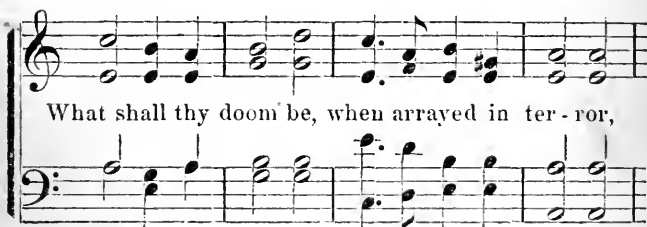
- 1 OH ! solemn thought, and can it be  
The hour of Judgment now is come,  
Which soon must fix our destiny,  
And seal the sinner's fearful doom ?  
Yes, it is so ; the Judgment hour  
Is swiftly hastening to its close ;  
Then will the Judge, in mighty power,  
Descend in vengeance on his foes.
- 2 He who came down to earth to die,  
An offering for the sins of men,  
And then ascended up on high,  
And will ere long return again,  
Is standing now before the ark,  
And mercy-seat, and cherubim,  
To plead his blood for saints, and make  
The last remembrance of their sin.
- 3 The solemn moment is at hand  
When we who have his name confessed,  
Each in his lot must singly stand,  
And pass the final, searching test.  
Jesus ! we hope in thee alone ;  
In mercy now upon us look,  
Confess our names before the throne,  
And blot our sins from out thy book.
- 4 O blessed Saviour ! may we feel  
The full importance of this hour.  
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,  
And aid us by thy Spirit's power ;  
That we may, in thy strength, be strong,  
And brave the conflict valiantly ;  
Then, on Mount Zion, join the song,  
And swell the notes of victory.

## The Warning. 11s &amp; 5s.



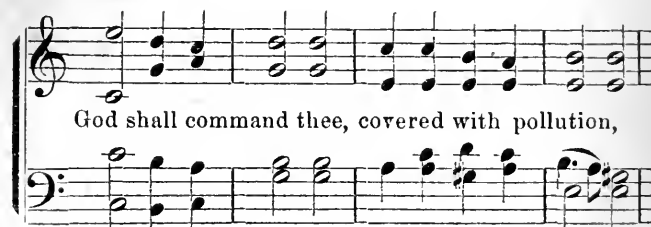
1. Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,

The first system of music is in 2/2 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody starts on a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



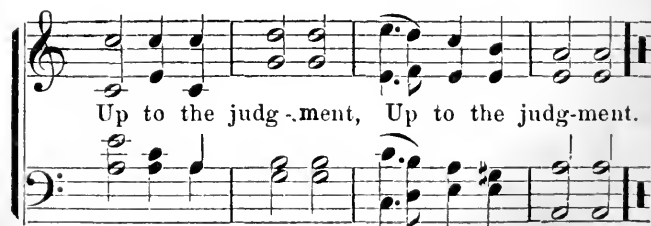
What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in ter - ror,

The second system of music continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



God shall command thee, covered with pollution,

The third system of music continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Up to the judg - ment, Up to the judg - ment.

The fourth system of music concludes the hymn. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- 2 Oft he has called thee, but thou would'st not hear him,  
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded  
    Waits to embrace you.
- 3 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment ;  
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted ;  
Come to the fountain, open for uncleanness :  
    Jesus invites you !
- 4 But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, will in righteous judgment  
    Quit you forever.
- 5 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you ;  
Seek for his favor, yet will never find it ;  
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence  
    Deep in their caverns.
- 6 Oh ! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning ;  
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon :  
So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant,  
    Coming to judgment.

**342**

C. M.

- 1 THRONED on a cloud, the Judge will come,  
    Bright flames prepare his way ;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
    Lead on the dreadful day.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
    Judgment will ne'er begin ;  
No more abuse his long delay  
    To impudence and sin.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
    For all his poor oppressed ;  
To save the people of his love,  
    And give the weary rest.

## 343

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
  - 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and Heaven, before the Judge,  
Astonished, shrink away !
  - 3 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread !
  - 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of the cross,  
And find salvation there.
  - 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.
- 

## KINGDOM OF GOD.

## 344

C. M.

- 1 ZION, the city of our God,  
How glorious is the place !  
The Saviour there has his abode,  
And saints will see his face.
- 2 There, all the fruits of glory grow,  
And joys that never die ;  
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
The soul to satisfy.

- 3 Come, set your faces Zionward,  
The sacred road inquire ;  
And let the city of the Lord  
Be, henceforth, your desire.
- 4 The gospel shines to give you light ;  
No longer, then, delay ;  
The Spirit waits to guide you right,  
And Jesus is the way.
- 5 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer ;  
Thy promise now fulfill ;  
And young and old by grace prepare  
To dwell on Zion's hill.

**345**

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high !  
A captive host he joyful led  
To the bright portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the beauteous scene ;  
He claims these mansions as his right ;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 5 Who is this King of glory ? Who ?  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;  
The King of saints and angels too ;  
God over all, forever blest.

## Andre. L. M.

We've no a-bid-ing cit-y here; Sad truth, were this

We've no a-bid-ing cit-y here; We seek a ci-  
to be our home; But let this thought our spirits cheer, We

ty out of sight: Zi-on its name—the Lord is there, It  
seek a cit-y yet to come; We seek a cit-y yet to come.  
shines with everlasting light: It shines with everlasting light.



346

L. M.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here ;  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
- 2 We've no abiding city here ;  
We seek a city out of sight :  
Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul ! nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do his will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest.

347

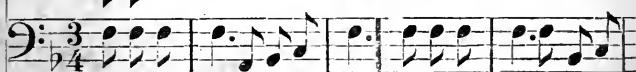
L. M.

- 1 THY kingdom come. Thus day by day,  
We lift our hands to God and pray ;  
But who has ever duly weighed  
The meaning of the words he said ?
- 2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,  
When praise shall every tongue employ ;  
When hate and strife and war shall cease,  
And man with man shall be at peace.
- 3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,  
And all the earth with glory fill ;  
His word shall Paradise restore,  
And sin and death afflict no more.
- 4 God's holy will shall then be done  
By all who live beneath the sun ;  
For saints shall then as angels be,  
All changed to immortality.

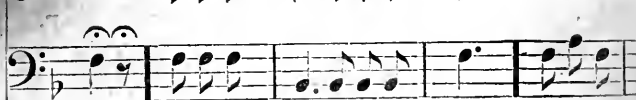
## Anvern. L. M.



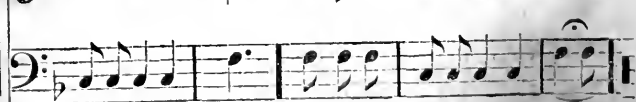
The time is near when Zion's sons, With rapturous joy shall sing the



song Fore-told by seers—an-oint-ed ones: We have a



cit-y great and strong, We have a cit-y great and strong.



348

L. M.

- 1 THE time is near when Zion's sons,  
With rapturous joy shall sing the song  
Foretold by seers—anointed ones :  
We have a city great and strong.
- 2 Open, ye gates ! The glorious King  
Approaches with a holy throng.  
Open, ye gates ! Saints, angels, sing  
On golden harps the victor's song !
- 3 O righteous nation ! enter in,  
That kept the law of truth below,  
Enter the place, all free from sin,  
Where life's pure waters gently flow.
- 4 Within these walls shall they remain,  
Who trusted, mighty Lord ! in thee :  
Death, their last enemy is slain—  
They have a right to life's fair tree.
- 5 Thus the redeemed to Zion come,  
With songs and everlasting joy ;  
Angelic legions waft them home,  
While shouts of praise their harps employ.

349

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
All Heaven reveres, all worlds obey,  
Now make the Saviour's glory known ;  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands ;  
Angels submit to his commands ;  
His justice shall protect the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His righteous government shall last,  
Till days, and years, and time be past.

## 350

L. M.

- 1 A MYSTERY doth the gospel show :  
We shall ere long be changed below,  
When from the graves the saints shall rise,  
And their loud songs salute the skies.
- 2 The earth, to its first form restored,  
Shall glorify its mighty Lord ;  
And his blest children hail the place  
Where they may view him face to face.
- 3 What joys ecstatic will surprise,  
When God shall wipe from off our eyes  
All tears of grief, and bliss restore,  
And suffer us to sin no more !
- 4 Lord, let this glorious kingdom come !  
We would proclaim, There still is room  
For sinners yet to seek the Lord ;  
Oh ! fly, or ye must feel his rod !
- 5 Open each eye, unstop each ear,  
And show thy great approach draws near,  
To claim the kingdoms for thine own,  
Renew the world, erect thy throne.
- 6 Oh ! quickly change each earthly clod ;  
Restore the image of our God ;  
Let universal nature sing  
Praises to Christ, our heavenly King.

## 351

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Oh ! how I long for thee !  
When will my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys, when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,  
My study long have been ;  
Such dazzling views, by human sight,  
Have never yet been seen.

4 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace  
To keep in view the prize,  
Till thou dost come to take us home  
To that blest Paradise.

5 Jerusalem, my glorious home,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys, when shall I see ?

**352**

11s.

1 ON the high cliffs of Jordan, with pleasure I stand,  
And view, in perspective, the fair promised land,  
The land where the ransomed with singing shall come,  
And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

2 'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb,  
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim ;  
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils, they come,  
To enter those mansions, prepared as their home.

3 All over those peaceful, delectable plains,  
The Lord, our Redeemer, in righteousness reigns ;  
His scepter of empire he now doth assume,  
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

4 How blest are those regions, the realms of repose,  
Where with fruit, oh, how grateful, the tree of life grows !  
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom ;  
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home !

5 Those pleasures of glory, oh ! when shall we share,  
And crowns of celestial felicity wear ?  
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh,  
The home of the faithful, now specially nigh ?

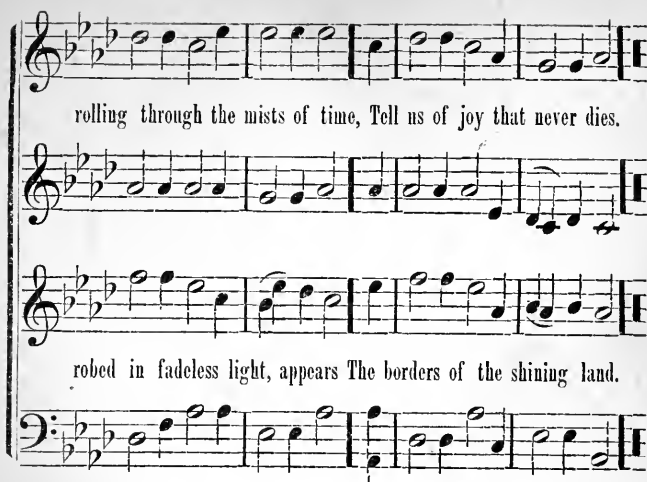
## Ethan. L. M. Double.

1. { Oh! sweetly through the gloomy years That roll their dimning  
The promised goodly land appears, Ar-rayed in nev-er-

2. { As voyagers on the stormy deep Look for some bright and  
Where winds and waves are hushed in sleep, And joy lights up the

vail between, } { And from that peaceful, happy clime } And,  
fading green. } { Transporting bursts of song a-rise, }

sun-ny bay, } { So o'er the toss-ing sea of years } Where,  
hap-py day; } { We glance the eye and stretch the hand, }



3 There angel hosts of glorious ones,  
 With sinless hearts and stainless hands,  
 Call us in glad and loving tones,  
 And bid us welcome to their bands.  
 Hark ! how their harps and voices tell  
 The glories of that radiant strand,  
 And bid us breast the waves that swell  
 Between us and the shining land.

4 Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen,  
 The glories of that home of song ;  
 Though stormy billows roll between,  
 I go to join the angel throng.  
 But of the joys beyond the tide,  
 The welcomes on that golden strand,  
 The best shall be from Him who died  
 To bring me to the shining land,

## Varina. C. M. Double.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign.  
Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain;

2. There ever-lasting spring a-bides, And never-withering flowers,

And but a little space divides This heavenly land from ours.

3 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unbecclouded eyes :—

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,—  
Not all this world's pretended good  
Could ever charm us more.



355

C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh ! the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There, gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal, grow ;  
There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide, extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There Christ, the sun, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his kingdom rest ?
- 7 Filled with delight my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless, I'd launch away.
- 8 There, on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
But in perpetual, joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

## Harwell. 8s, 7s &amp; 7.

{ Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise above, }  
 { Je-sus reigns, and Heaven re-joic-es: Je-sus reigns the God of love. }

See, he sits on yon-der throne — Je-sus rules the world a-

lone. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth ;  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.  
When we think of love like thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3 King of glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown ;  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou shalt call thine own ;  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face !  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
Bring, oh ! bring the glorious day  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
Glory, glory to our King.  
Hallelujah, &c.

**357**

7s.

1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Hither come ; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

## 358

8s.

- 1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed  
With glory and light from above ;  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love :  
I languish, and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode ;  
Oh ! when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God !
- 2 With him, I on Zion shall stand,  
For Jesus has spoken the word ;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land,  
Survey, by the side of my Lord.  
But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fullness of rapture I find,  
My Heaven of heavens, in thee.
- 3 How happy the people whose home  
Is found in the city of God !  
As pilgrims, no more they shall roam,  
Nor travel a dangerous road.  
Physician divine, unto me,  
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,  
And keep me while waiting for thee,  
And then to that city receive.

## 359

8s.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall recover our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come.  
From earth, we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our promised abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith, we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here :  
Her walls are of jasper and gold ;  
As crystal her buildings are clear.

Immovably founded in grace,  
 She stands as she ever has stood ;  
 And brightly her builder displays,  
 And flames with the glory of God.

360

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting—  
 Mine's a city yet to come ;  
 Onward, to it, I am hasting—  
 On to my eternal home.  
 In it, all is light and glory ;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse hath passed away.
- 2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
 By the streams of life along ;  
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
 Turns our sighing into song.  
 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
 Never more are sad and weary,  
 Never, never sin again.

361

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee ;  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver ;  
 Born a child and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign o'er us forever,  
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

**Better Land.**

We have heard from the bright, the holy land, We have heard and our

hearts are glad; For we were a lonely pilgrim band,

And weary, and worn, and sad. They tell us the pilgrims have a

dwelling there—No longer are homeless ones: And we know that the



- 2 They say green fields are waving there,  
 That never a blight shall know ;  
 And the deserts wild are blooming fair,  
 And the roses of Sharon grow.  
 There are lovely birds in the bowers green,  
 Their songs are blithe and sweet ;  
 And their warblings, gushing ever new,  
 The angels' harpings greet.
- 3 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,  
 And the silvery band in white ;  
 Of the city fair, with pearly gates,  
 All radiant with light.  
 We have heard of the angels there, and saints,  
 With their harps of gold, how they sing ;  
 Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,  
 Of the leaves that healing bring.
- 4 The King of that country, he is fair,  
 He's the joy and light of the place ;  
 In his beauty, we shall behold him there,  
 And bask in his smiling face.  
 We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,  
 We'll join the pure and the blest ;  
 We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,  
 And forever be at rest.

**Hail to the Brightness. 11s & 10s.**

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff (soprano), and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the" are written below the vocal staff.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff (soprano), and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the accents of sor-" are written below the vocal staff.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff (soprano), and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "row and mourning; Zion in triumph begins her mild reign." are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



## 363

11s &amp; 10s.

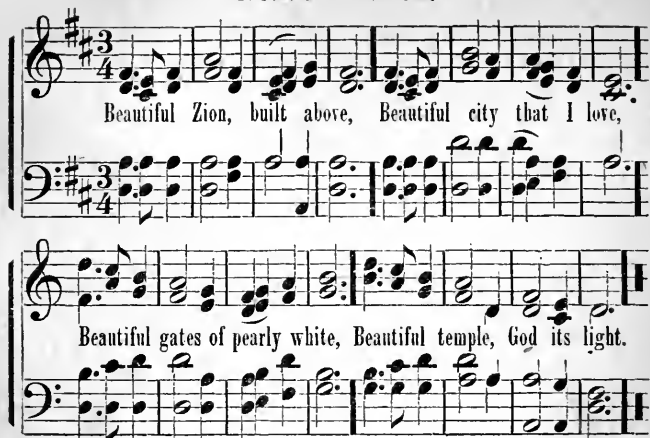
- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning:  
Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.
- 2 Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud, from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing;  
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 3 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## 364

L. M.

- 1 WHEN God descends with men to dwell,  
And all creation wakes anew,  
What tongue can half the wonders tell?  
What eye the dazzling glory view?
- 2 Zion, the desolate, again  
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;  
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,  
Shall yield their spices and perfume:
- 3 Celestial streams shall gently flow;  
The wilderness shall joyful be;  
Lilies on parched grounds shall grow;  
And gladness spring on every tree:
- 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,  
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,  
And joy through all the earth shall ring:
- 5 The high and low shall meet in love;  
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,  
When Christ descends from worlds above,  
To dwell with men on earth again.

## Beautiful Zion.



- 2 Beautiful trees forever there,  
Beautiful fruit they always bear,  
Beautiful rivers gliding by,  
Beautiful fountains never dry.
- 3 Beautiful light, without the sun,  
Beautiful day revolving on,  
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,  
Beautiful streets of shining gold.
- 4 Beautiful Heaven where all is light,  
Beautiful angels clothed in white,  
Beautiful songs that never tire,  
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
- 5 Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there.

- 6 Beautiful throne for God the Lamb,  
 Beautiful seats at his right hand,  
 Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease—  
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.
- 

## SOCIAL WORSHIP.

**366**

L. M.

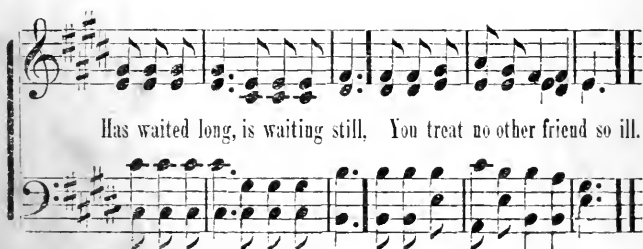
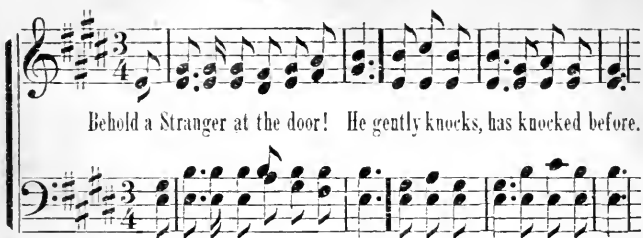
- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn prayer and praise,
- 2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,  
 Amid this little company ;  
 To them unveil my smiling face,  
 And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
 Relying on thy faithful word ;  
 Now send thy Spirit from above,  
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

**367**

L. M.

- 1 NOW we have met in Jesus' name,  
 To glorify our Lord we aim ;  
 We strive each duty to fulfill,  
 With anxious hearts to do his will.
- 2 We've met in love and holy fear,  
 To hear the happy saints declare  
 The rich compassion of a God—  
 The virtues of a Saviour's blood.
- 3 O Saviour, help them to express  
 The wonders of triumphant grace,  
 While to the church they freely own,  
 What for their souls the Lord hath done.

## Hartel. L. M.



368

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still,  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 He counsels thee to buy of him  
Gold tried by fire, and raiment clean ;  
Anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see,  
And put away thy stains from thee.
- 3 Oh ! hear the faithful Witness' voice,  
He offers now a final choice ;  
Thou art offensive, O lukewarm !  
Therefore be zealous and reform.
- 4 His mission now is almost o'er,  
Before the throne he'll plead no more ;  
The filthy must his filth retain,  
He that is holy, so remain.

- 5 His locks with dews of night are wet,  
But at thy heart he lingereth yet.  
Oh ! wake, and open wide the door,  
Bid thy Beloved wait no more.
- 6 Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest ;  
So shalt thou in his presence rest ;  
And in communion sweet and free,  
Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

## 369

L. M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our gracious Lord,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearing of the Lord ;  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

## 370

L. M.

- 1 WHAT ! never speak one evil word ?  
Or rash, or idle, or unkind ?  
Oh ! how shall I, most gracious Lord,  
This mark of true perfection find ?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;  
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart ;  
And till Christ's coming I will tell  
Th' abundance of a loving heart.

## 371

C. M.

- 1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh ;  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful, sheltering dome ;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 When by afflictions sharply tried,  
Faith tells of scenes to come—  
Those endless joys prepared above ;  
And then I sigh for home.
- 5 Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

## 372

C. M.

- 1 NOW to the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man, I fly ;  
Be thou my refuge and my rest,  
For oh ! the storm is high.
- 2 Protect me from the furious blast ;  
My shield and shelter be :  
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring  
Is to a barren place,  
Jesus, descend on me, and bring  
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land  
A rock extends its shade,  
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
And screen my naked head.
- 5 In all the times of my distress,  
Thou hast my succor been ;  
And, in my utter helplessness,  
Restraining me from sin,
- 6 How swift to save me didst thou move  
In every trying hour !  
Oh ! still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power.

## 373

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been  
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee, whose I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to all around,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God.

## Migdol. L. M.

1. By faith I to the fountain fly, O-pen'd for

2. From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows, The purple

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Migdol. L. M.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first line of music corresponds to the first verse, and the second line to the second verse.

all mankind and me, To purge my sins of deepest

and the crystal stream; Pardon and holiness be-

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'all mankind and me, To purge my sins of deepest' are under the first staff, and 'and the crystal stream; Pardon and holiness be-' are under the second staff. The notation includes dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'fz' (forzando).

dye,—My life and heart's im-pu-ri-ty.

stows, and both I gain through faith in him.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. It features the same three-staff format. The lyrics 'dye,—My life and heart's im-pu-ri-ty.' are under the first staff, and 'stows, and both I gain through faith in him.' are under the second staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



## 375

L. M.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 Oh ! may my spirit daily rise .  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell forever with my love.
- 3 In Paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits :  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
There we shall feed, but want no more.
- 4 Come, my Beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay :  
Fly like the youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

## 376

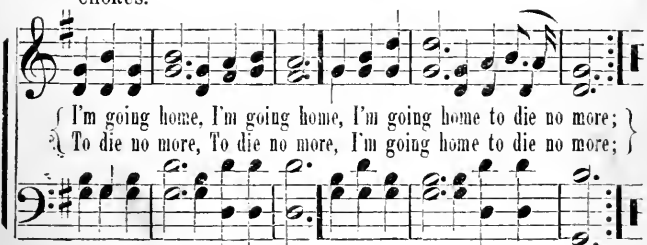
L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## I'm Going Home. L. M.



## CHORUS.



377

L. M.

- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair;  
 Nor pain nor death can enter there.  
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.—I'm going home, I'm going home,  
 I'm going home to die no more;  
 To die no more, to die no more,  
 I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky;  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,  
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;  
 And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

**378**

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new luster to the day.

**379**

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,  
And are happy in the Lord,  
Have you read that gracious promise  
Which is left upon record?  
I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will dwell and reign within.
- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort,  
Greater things you yet may find,  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal mind.  
To procure your perfect freedom,  
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died;  
On the cross the healing fountain  
Gushes from his wounded side.
- 3 Be as holy and as happy  
And as useful here below  
As it is your Father's pleasure;  
Jesus, only Jesus know.  
None but holy ones can enter  
To the pure, celestial sphere:  
Let me ask the solemn question,  
Has the Lord a witness here?

## Zephyr. L. M.

The tempter to my soul hath said, There is no help in God for thee;  
 Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head; My glory, shield, and solace be

380

L. M.

- 1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,  
 There is no help in God for thee;  
 Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;  
 My glory, shield, and solace be.
- 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;  
 He heard me from his holy hill;  
 At his command the waves rolled by;  
 He beckoned, and the winds were still.
- 3 I laid me down and slept—I woke—  
 Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;  
 Bright, from the east, the morning broke—  
 Thy comforts rose on me again.
- 4 I will not fear, though armed throngs  
 Compass my steps in all their wrath;  
 Salvation to the Lord belongs;  
 His presence guards his people's path.

381

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen ?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,  
To sinners weary and distressed ;  
The first of all his gifts bestowed,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Since I can say this gift is mine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I will keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart ;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

382

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me ;—  
His loving-kindness—oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate ;—  
His loving-kindness—oh, how great !
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving-kindness—oh, how good !

## Melita. L. M.

1. When power divine, in mortal form. Hushed with a word the

The first system of musical notation for 'Melita' is in G major (one sharp), 3/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first line of music contains 12 measures.

raging storm, In sooth - ing ac - cents Je - sus

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It contains 12 measures. The treble staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

said, Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It contains 12 measures. The treble staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove,  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 And when the last, dread hour shall come,  
While trembling nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall wake the righteous dead—  
Lo, it is I, be not afraid.

384

L. M.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,  
Tumultuous passions all be still,  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals;  
And though his footsteps are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In Heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees,  
And by his saints it stands confessed,  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before his seat,  
And 'mid the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

**385**

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE ! Jerusalem, awake !  
No longer in thy sins lie down ;  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;  
Arise, and struggle into light,  
The great Deliverer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,  
Zion, assert thy liberty ;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purged from every sinful stain,  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your heart appear,  
And lead the mighty triumph on ;  
His glory shall bring up the rear,  
And perfect what his grace begun.

## Patmos. C. M.

Je - sus, our Lord, make no de - lay To meet us with thy love;

Drive in - ter - pos - ing cares a - way, And make our guilt re - move.

386

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, make no delay  
To meet us with thy love;  
Drive interposing clouds away,  
And make our guilt remove.
- 2 What do we here without thy grace,  
O blessed Lamb of God?  
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,  
Unless we feel thy word.
- 3 Come in with power to ev'ry soul,  
O thou immortal Dove;  
Make every wounded spirit whole,  
With thy redeeming love.
- 4 We long to meet our God to-day,  
And taste his grace divine;  
That every soul with joy may say,  
My Lord, my God, we're thine.



387

C. M.

- 1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint :  
My grace sufficient is for you,  
Though nature's powers may faint.
- 2 My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove ;  
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
Of boundless power and love.
- 3 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name ;  
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,  
Will ever be the same.
- 4 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace  
I all things can perform,  
And, smiling, triumph in thy name  
Amid the raging storm.

388

C. M.

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by his grace,  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;  
And gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope,  
We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove ;  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.
- 4 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What hight of rapture shall we know,  
When round his throne we meet !

## Exhortation. C. M.

How cheering is the Christian's hope, While toiling here

How cheering is the Christian's hope, While toiling here

This system contains two staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. Both staves contain the lyrics 'How cheering is the Christian's hope, While toiling here'.

be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This

be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of

It buoys us up while passing

be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.....

This system contains two staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics are split across the staves: 'be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This' on the first staff, and 'be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of' on the second staff. The system ends with 'It buoys us up while passing' and 'be-low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.....'.

wilderness of woe..... This wilderness of woe.

woe... It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.

thro'.. This wil-der-ness of woe..... This wilderness of woe.

.... It buoys us up, &c.

This system contains two staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics are split across the staves: 'wilderness of woe..... This wilderness of woe.' on the first staff, and 'woe... It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.' on the second staff. The system ends with 'thro'.. This wil-der-ness of woe..... This wilderness of woe.' and '.... It buoys us up, &c.'.

389

C. M.

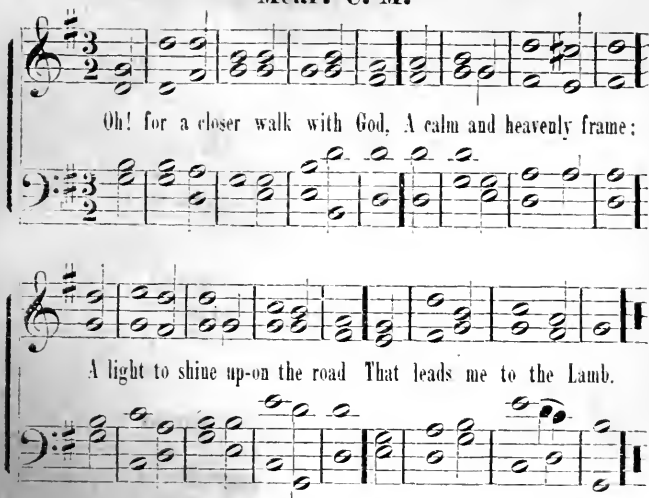
- 1 HOW cheering is the Christian's hope,  
While toiling here below !  
It buoys us-up while passing through  
This wilderness of woe.
- 2 It points us to a land of rest,  
Where saints with Christ will reign ;  
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
And never part again ;—
- 3 A land where sin can never come,  
Temptations ne'er annoy ;  
Where happiness will ever dwell,  
And that without alloy.
- 4 Oh, how unlike the present world  
Will be the one to come !  
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,  
Attend where'er we roam ;
- 5 In that bright world no tears will flow,  
Death ne'er can enter there ;  
For all who gain that heavenly land  
Will be as angels are.
- 6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, oh, fly ;  
Dear Saviour, quickly come !  
We long to see thee as thou art,  
And reach that blissful home.

390

C. M.

- 1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,—  
With whom he deigns to dwell !  
He cheers and guides them by his word ;  
His arm supports them well.
- 2 His presence sweetens all their cares,  
And makes their burdens light ;  
A word from him dispels their fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.

## Mear. C. M.



391

C. M.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 392

C. M.

- 1 TO thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,  
A grateful song I'll raise ;  
Oh ! let the humblest of thy flock  
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
To thine amazing love ;  
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,  
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
With sin and grief oppressed ;  
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,  
No evil shall I fear ;  
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,  
And praise thee better there.

## 393

C. M.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away ;  
Because that light on thee hath shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear ;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright ;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

394

C. M.

- 1 ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the Lord was crucified  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away—  
'Tis all that I can do.

395

C. M.

- 1 FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
Through all my life attend :  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

396

C. M.

- 1 BE perfect—holiness pursue ;  
In love be sure to dwell,  
And God through Christ will comfort you—  
So brethren, all farewell.
- 2 Be of one mind—give God your hearts,  
And of his mercies tell,  
Which he through grace to you imparts—  
So brethren, all farewell.
- 3 Now live in peace and holy fear,  
In love strive to excel ;  
For Christ, our King, will soon appear—  
So brethren, all farewell.
- 4 The God of love and peace adore,  
And on his mercy dwell ;  
We hope to meet on Canaan's shore—  
So brethren, all farewell.

397

C. M.

- 1 EYE hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepared  
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a Heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure is the land the saints espy,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

## Newell. C. M.

What poor despised company Of travelers

The first system of the musical score for 'Newell. C. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, the middle is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics 'What poor despised company Of travelers' are written below the vocal staff.

are these, Who walk in yonder narrow way, Along

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'are these, Who walk in yonder narrow way, Along' are written below the vocal staff.

the rugged maze? Along the rugged maze?

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'the rugged maze? Along the rugged maze?' are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



398

C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor, despised company  
Of travelers are these,  
Who walk in yonder narrow way,  
Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah ! these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King,  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine ;  
And lo ! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,  
And why so much despised ?  
Because, of their rich robes unseen,  
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But why keep they that narrow road,  
That rugged, thorny maze ?  
Why, that's the way their Leader trod—  
They love and keep his ways.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well ?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.
- 6 What, is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground ?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

399

S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God ;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul,  
He doth himself impart,  
And for his temple and his throne  
Selects the pure in heart.

## Geneva. C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My  
When all thy mercies, O my God, My

When all thy mercies, O my God, My

Detailed description: This is the first system of a three-part musical setting. It features a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/2 time and C major. The melody is in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines appearing under both staves.

ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the

ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port-ed with the

ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical setting. It continues the melody and harmony from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines appearing under both staves.

view, I'm lost in won-der, love, and praise.

view, I'm lost in won-dor, love, and praise.

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical setting. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines appearing under both staves.

2 Oh ! how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my raptured heart ?—  
But thou canst read it there.

3 Through all eternity, to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise ;  
But, oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

401

C. M.

1 I ASK not, Lord, for less to bear  
Here in the narrow way,  
But that I may thy blessing share  
In all I do or say.

2 Through whatsoe'er my path shall lie,  
With patience may I run ;  
With filial trust my heart reply,  
Thy will, O God, be done.

3 With thee to lead, I will not fear  
In scenes with dangers rife,  
While still thy cheering voice I hear,  
I am the way, the life.

4 Thou art the refuge of my soul,  
My hope when comforts flee,  
My strength while life's rough billows roll,  
My joy eternally.

5 Then help me to improve, with care,  
These precious moments given ;  
For they a faithful record bear,  
Of good or ill, to Heaven.

6 And in thine arms of love, enfold  
Me from the tempter's snare ;  
And in the book of life, enrolled,  
Be my name written there.

## 402

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray  
Through time's brief, fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
To those who seek its power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
For quickly he will come,  
To call us from our toils away  
To our eternal home.
- 4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
For lo ! the Judge is near;  
Oh, may we joyfully obey,  
And watch till he appear !

## 403

C. M.

- 1 A FEW more fleeting years at most,  
My troubles will be o'er ;  
I hope to join the heavenly host  
On Canaan's happy shore.
- 2 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast  
In love's unbounded sea.  
The glorious hope of endless rest  
Is ravishing to me.
- 3 Oh ! come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me to the sky !  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;  
Make haste and bring it nigh.
- 4 I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine ;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be forever thine.

## 404

C. M.

- 1 HEED not the tempter's siren voice,  
A deep with dangers rife ;  
Mortal ! thou hast a nobler choice—  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 2 Oh ! shun the world's bewitching snare,  
Its fever, and its strife ;  
Mortal ! thou hast a nobler share—  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 3 Like Abra'm hast thou faith to bear  
The sacrificial knife ?  
Then with the faithful shalt thou share  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 4 For love of God canst thou lay down  
Thy life 'mid hottest strife ?  
Then thou hast won a starry crown—  
Life, life, eternal life.

## 405

C. M.

- 1 COME to the living waters, come !  
Obey your Maker's call ;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
My grace is free for all.
- 2 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have behind ;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
And peace in Jesus find.
- 3 I bid you all my goodness prove,  
My promises are free ;  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
Delight your souls in me.
- 4 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words in faith receive ;  
Quickened, your souls by faith divine,  
Eternal life shall live.

## El Kader. S. M.

1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy

The first system of the musical score for 'El Kader. S. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics '1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy' are written below the top staff.

sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow, Thy

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow, Thy' are written below the top staff.

sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.' are written below the top staff. The final notes of the melody and bass line are held for a longer duration, indicated by a fermata.

406

S. M.

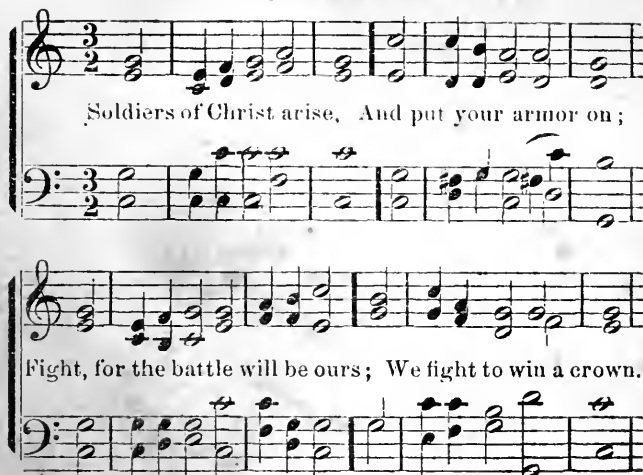
- 1 MY Maker and my King,  
To thee my all I owe ;  
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring  
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live ;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas ! how poor.

407

S. M.

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul !  
Say to me now, Awake, awake,  
And Christ shall make thee whole.
- 2 Give me on thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
- 3 Oh ! do thou always warn  
My soul of evil near !  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear :
- 4 Come back ! this is the way !  
Come back ! and walk therein !  
Oh ! may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin !

## Boylston. S. M.



408

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on ;  
Fight, for the battle will be ours ;  
We fight to win a crown.
- 2 We fight not against flesh ;  
We wrestle not with blood ;  
But principalities and powers,  
And for the truth of God ;
- 3 With wicked spirits, too,  
That in high places stand,  
Perverting oft the word of God,  
And say 'tis by command.
- 4 Put all the armor on,  
Like valiant soldiers stand ;  
Let all your loins be girt with truth,  
Waiting our Lord's command.



- 5 While Jesus is our friend,  
And his rich grace supplies,  
We'll march like valiant soldiers on ;  
We're sure to win the prize.
- 6 The battle's almost o'er ;  
The race is nearly run ;  
Then with our glorious, conqu'ring King,  
We'll sit down on his throne.

## 409

S. M.

- 1 OH ! where shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 This world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
Its fairest glories shortest live,  
And all its pleasures die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.

## 410

7s.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am :  
Take me, body, spirit, soul ;  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;  
Let me ever cleave to thee ;  
Let me choose the better part ;  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men !  
Do not let me turn again,  
Nor the Fountain-head of bliss,  
Leave for creature happiness.

## Dennis. S. M.

There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright  
Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world es-teems de-light.

411

S. M.

- 1 THERE is a blessed hope,  
More precious and more bright  
Than all the joyless mockery  
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a lovely star,  
That lights the darkest gloom,  
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a cheering voice,  
That lifts the soul above,  
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,  
And whispers, God is love.
- 4 That voice from Calvary's hight,  
Proclaims the soul forgiven;  
That star is revelation's light;  
That hope, the hope of Heaven.

412

S. M.

- 1 OH ! what a mighty change  
Shall Jesus' followers know,  
When o'er the happy plains they range,  
Incapable of woe ! .
- 2 There all our griefs are passed ;  
There all our sorrows end :  
We gain a peaceful rest at last,  
With Jesus Christ, our friend.
- 3 No slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.
- 4 In that eternal day,  
No clouds nor tempests rise :  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
Forever from our eyes.

413

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And love him while ye fear,  
Come, and with heart and hand record  
Your vow and covenant here.
- 2 Here to his altar brought,  
Your holy vows renew,  
To be in heart, and deed, and thought,  
Faithful to him and true.
- 3 And true and faithful, he  
To you will ever prove,  
Though hills were swept into the sea,  
And mountains should remove.
- 4 Then be his law our choice,  
The joy of young and old,  
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,  
And follow to the fold.

## Bethany. 6s &amp; 4s.

First system of musical notation for 'Bethany. 6s & 4s.' It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, Ev'n though it be' are written below the treble staff.

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, Ev'n though it be

Second system of musical notation for 'Bethany. 6s & 4s.' It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer,' are written below the treble staff.

a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer,

Third system of musical notation for 'Bethany. 6s & 4s.' It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.' are written below the treble staff.

my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps up to Heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

415

7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim ;  
We are gathered in thy name ;  
In the midst do thou appear ;  
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
Come and dwell within each heart,  
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete ;  
Make us all for glory meet ;  
Meet t'appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

## The Convert. P. M.

Oh! how happy are they Who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have

The first system of the musical score for 'The Convert. P. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 2/2 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment consisting of chords. The lyrics 'Oh! how happy are they Who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have' are written below the top staff.

laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet' are written below the top staff.

com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.' are written below the top staff.

2. That sweet comfort is mine,  
Since the favor divine  
I received through the blood of the Lamb.  
Since my heart first believed,  
What a joy I've received,  
What a Heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Tis a Heaven below  
My Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels can do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song ;  
Oh ! that all to this refuge might fly.  
He hath loved me, indeed,  
He did suffer and bleed,  
To redeem such a rebel as I.
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
I am carried above  
All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;  
Oh ! that all would believe,  
And by sin never grieve,  
And thus cause him to suffer again.

417

7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer :  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength we may be strong :  
Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
And our wasting lives prolong,  
Till we meet on earth again.

## Sweet Rest in Heaven. 7s &amp; 6s.

Oh! when shall I see Je-sus, And in his kingdom dwell?  
When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin.

Par-take its rest e-ter-nal, Its songs tri-umph-ant swell!  
And, with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in-

There is sweet rest in Heav'n. There is sweet rest in Heav'n. There is

sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in Heav'n.



- 2 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the entombed millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransomed dust revived,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansions  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

CHO.—There is sweet rest in Heaven, &c.

- 3 Our eyes shall then with rapture,  
The Saviour's face behold:  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold;  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The hosts celestial sing;  
Our tongues shall chant the glory  
Of our immortal King.

CHO.—There is sweet rest in Heaven, &c.

## 419

S. M.

- 1 AND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen?  
What conflicts have we passed?  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last.
- 3 But out of all, the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still his help he doth afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 4 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

## I Love Thee. 11s.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line. The lyrics "I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord: I love thee." are written below the top staff.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord: I love thee.

The second system of musical notation continues the hymn. It consists of three staves in the same key and time signature as the first system. The lyrics "my Sav-iour; I love thee, my God: I love thee, I love thee, and" are written below the top staff.

my Sav-iour; I love thee, my God: I love thee, I love thee, and

The third system of musical notation concludes the hymn. It consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics "that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, my actions will show." are written below the top staff.

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, my actions will show.

## 420

11s.

- 1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ;  
I love thee, my Saviour ; I love thee, my God ;  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know ;  
But how much I love thee, my actions will show.
- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh ! wondrous account !  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount !  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest—  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest.  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song ;  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 Oh ! who's like my Saviour ? He's Salem's bright King ;  
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing.  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and clear,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

## 421

11s.

- 1 I'M weary of staying—oh ! when shall I rest  
In that promised land of the good and the blest ;  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations forever are fled ?
- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth ;  
O'er the pangs of the loved which we cannot assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.
- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,  
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew ;  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away ;  
The sweetest and dearest, alas ! may not stay ;  
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide us no more !

## Illinois. Ss &amp; 7s. Double.

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear:

What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer. Oh! what

peace we often forfeit. Oh! what needless pain we bear, (All because we

do not carry Everything to God in prayer.  
do not carry Every- [Omit.] thing to God in prayer.

422

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear !  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer !  
 Oh ! what peace we often forfeit,  
 Oh ! what needless pain we bear,  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?  
 Is there trouble anywhere ?  
 We should never be discouraged,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share ?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care ?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge !  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

423

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my advocate above,  
 My friend before the throne of love,  
 If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
 If now I find thee pleading there,—
- 2 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain ;  
 My earnest suit present, and gain ;  
 My fullness of corruption show ;  
 The knowledge of myself bestow.
- 3 Save me from death ; from hell set free ;  
 Death, hell, are but the want of thee :  
 My life, my only Heaven thou art ;—  
 Oh ! might I feel thee in my heart.

**424**

7s. Double.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.  
We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
And when Christ our Lord shall come,  
We shall all be gathered home.
- 2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seats are now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.  
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

**425**

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;  
Mixed with dross the purest gold;  
Seek we then for heavenly treasures—  
Treasures never waxing old.  
Let our best affections center  
On the things around the throne:  
There no thief can ever enter;  
Moth and rust are there unknown.
- 2 Earthly joys no longer please us;  
Here we would renounce them all;  
Seek our only rest in Jesus—  
Him our Lord and Master call.  
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter worlds above;  
Bids us look for his appearing,  
Bids us triumph in his love.

- 3 May our light be always burning,  
 And our loins be girded round,  
 Waiting for our Lord's returning—  
 Longing for the welcome sound.  
 Thus the Christian life adorning,  
 Never need we be afraid,  
 Should he come at night or morning,  
 Early dawn or evening shade.

## 426

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me ever to adore thee,  
 May I still thy goodness prove ;  
 While the hope of endless glory  
 Fills my heart with joy and love.
- 2 Here I raise my ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I've come ;  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He to rescue me from danger  
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let thy goodness like a fetter  
 Bind me closer still to thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart—oh ! take and seal it ;  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

## I'm a Traveler. 7s &amp; 4s.

I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Weary, oppressed; But my journey's

end is near—Soon I shall rest. Dark and dreary is the way Toil-

ing I've come. Ask me not with you to stay—Yonder's my home.



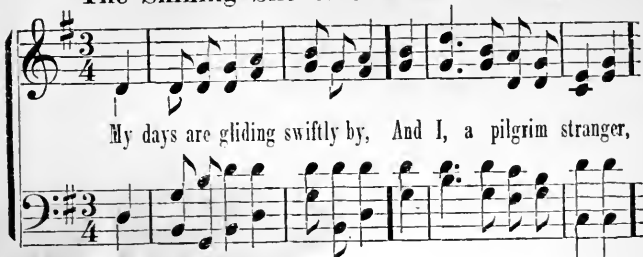
2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,  
I must go on ;  
For my journey's end is near—  
I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give,  
Win me away ;  
Pleasures that forever live—  
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land  
Where all is fair ;  
Where is seen no broken band—  
All, all are there ;  
Where no tear shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad ;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go  
Where all is fair.  
Farewell, all I've loved below—  
I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,  
All I resign ;  
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,  
If Heaven be mine.

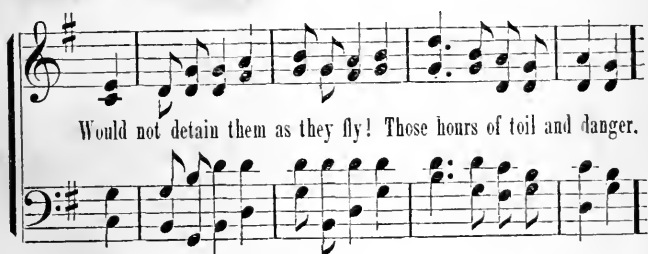
5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—  
Upward's my way ;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam ;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.

## The Shining Shore. 8s &amp; 7s. Peculiar.



My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Would not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger.

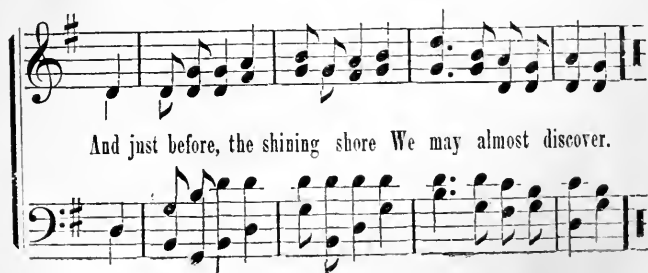
The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## CHORUS.



For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass over;

The first line of the chorus, featuring a new melody in the treble staff and a new accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

The second line of the chorus, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

428

8s &amp; 7s. Peculiar.

- 1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly—  
 Those hours of toil and danger;

CHORUS.—For, oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 And soon we'll all pass over ;  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning ;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning.—CHO.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing ;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.—CHO.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home,  
 Forever, oh ! forever !—CHO.

429

8s &amp; 7s. Peculiar.

- 1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
 No name so sweet in Heaven,  
 The name before his wondrous birth,  
 To Christ, the Saviour, given.

CHORUS.—We love to sing around our King,  
 And hail him blessed Jesus ;  
 For there's no word ear ever heard,  
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 2 He's now upon his Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—CHO.

Come, Let us Anew. 10, 5, 11.

First system of musical notation for the song 'Come, Let us Anew'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll' are written below the vocal staff.

Second system of musical notation for the song 'Come, Let us Anew'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-' are written below the vocal staff.

Third system of musical notation for the song 'Come, Let us Anew'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'pear; And never stand still till the Master appear.' are written below the vocal staff.

- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
    And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love, &c.
- 3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
    Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay, &c.
- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;  
    The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here, &c.
- 5 Oh ! that each in the day of His coming may say,  
    I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do, &c.
- 6 Oh! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
    Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne, &c.

**431**

11s.

- 1 OH, lift up your heads ! your redemption draws near !  
Let nothing discourage, or cause you to fear ;  
Our Saviour is faithful, his promise is sure  
To all who bear trials, hold fast, and endure.
- 2 Well may you have courage, your cause is the Lord's,  
Attested by signs, and with Scripture accords ;  
And though all the powers of the dragon assail,  
The truth, being mighty, will surely prevail.
- 3 Hold fast that rich treasure, nor e'er lay it down ;  
Endure to the end firm, that none take thy crown ;  
The spirits of darkness will seek to devour,  
But Jesus and angels excel them in power.
- 4 Rich promise to all who shall now overcome !  
To be a firm pillar in God's sacred dome,  
Inscribed with his name, and the Son of his love,  
And that of the city which comes from above.

## Beautiful Home.

We are going home—we've had visions bright Of that holy land—that world  
 Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of eternity come

of light, } There the weary saints no more shall roam, But dwell in a sunny, peace-  
 at last. } Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned, And waves of bliss are  
 dashing

ful home, } Oh! that beautiful home! Oh! that beautiful home!  
 around. }

432

P. M.

- 1 WE are going home—we've had visions bright  
Of that holy land, that world of light,  
Where the long, dark night of time is past,  
And the morn of eternity come at last.  
There the weary saints no more shall roam,  
But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,  
Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,  
And waves of bliss are dashing around.  
Oh, that beautiful home ! &c.
- 2 We are going home—we soon shall be  
Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free ;  
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
And the seraph's anthem blends with its strains ;  
Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood  
Of beams on a world that's fair and good ;  
And stars that dimmed at nature's doom,  
Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth's bloom ;  
Oh, that beautiful home ! &c.
- 3 Where the tears and sighs which here are given,  
Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of Heaven ;  
And the beauteous forms that sing and shine,  
Are guarded well by a hand divine.  
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand  
Are waving above that princely band ;  
And the glory of God, like a molten sea,  
Bathes the immortal company.  
Oh, that beautiful home ! &c.
- 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,  
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,  
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,  
'Mid the flowers that never of winter hear—  
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,  
Is wafted on the ambrosial air—  
'Mid the endless years, we then shall prove  
The matchless depths of a Saviour's love.  
Oh, that beautiful home ! &c.

**Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. Double.**

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.



- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,  
I view my home and take my flight.  
In my immortal flesh I'll rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

## 434

C. M. Peculiar.

- 1 WHEN darkness gathers round thy way  
As fall the shades of even ;  
No star, with its mild, cheering ray,  
To chase the gloom—our fears allay,  
How sweet the light of Heaven !
- 2 When toiling in the narrow way,  
By persecution driven,  
Beset with treach'rous snares that lay  
To lead our wayward feet astray,  
How sweet the smiles of Heaven !
- 3 When by earth's care and grief and woe  
The anguished heart is riven ;  
And bitter tears of sorrow flow,  
No soothing balm found here below,  
How sweet the joy of Heaven !
- 4 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
The blessed promise given ;  
When, borne on angels' wings, we soar  
To meet the Saviour we adore,  
How sweet the home in Heaven !

## 435

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time ;  
In an age on ages telling—  
To be living is sublime.  
Hark ! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray ;  
Hark ! what soundeth ? Is creation  
Groaning for her latter day ?
- 2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,  
Nerve thee for the battle-field ;  
Bear the helmet of salvation,  
And the mighty gospel shield ;  
Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee,  
Take the Spirit's sword in hand ;  
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,  
In Jehovah's strength to stand.
- 3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,  
Legions of those foes to God—  
Principalities most mighty—  
Walk unseen the earth abroad ;  
They are gathering to the battle,  
Strengthened for the last deep strife ;  
Christian, arm ! be watchful, ready,  
Struggle manfully for life.
- 4 And the prince of evil spirits,  
Great deceiver of the world !  
He who at the blessed Jesus  
Once his deadly weapons hurled,  
Cometh with unwonted power,  
Knowing that his reign will cease  
In a little, and the kingdom  
Given to the Prince of peace.
- 5 Christian, rouse ! fight in this warfare,  
Cease not till the victory's won ;  
Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,  
Servant of the Lord, well done !

He, alone, who thus is faithful,  
Who abideth to the end,  
Hath the promise, in the kingdom  
An eternity to spend.

436

7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,  
I bid you all adieu ;  
Farewell, all earthly honor,  
I want no more of you.  
I want my union grounded  
On the eternal Son,  
Beyond the power of Satan,  
Where sin can never come.
- 2 I want my name engraven  
Among the righteous ones,  
Crying, Holy, holy Father,  
And wear a righteous crown.  
For the sake of purer riches,  
I'm willing to pass through  
All earthly tribulation,  
And count it my just due.
- 3 I'm willing to be cleansed,  
And bear the daily cross :  
I'm willing to be purged  
From every kind of dross.  
I see the fiery furnace,  
And feel its cleansing flame ;  
The fruit of it is holy,  
The gold will still remain.
- 4 All earthly tribulation  
Is but a moment here ;  
And oh ! if we are faithful,  
A crown of life we'll wear.  
We shall be called holy,  
And feed on angel's food,  
Rejoicing in bright glory  
Around the throne of God.

## Here is no Rest. 10s &amp; 7s.

Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest,  
 here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest,  
 My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest,

is no rest; } For I look forward to that glorious day  
 I am blest. } When sin and sor-row will van-ish a-way.  
 there is rest.

## 437

10s &amp; 7s.

- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,  
 Here is no rest, is no rest;  
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,  
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;  
 For I look forward to that glorious day  
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away;  
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,  
 There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,  
 Here is no rest, is no rest;  
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;  
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
 Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,  
 Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;  
 I will go forward, for this is my theme,  
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

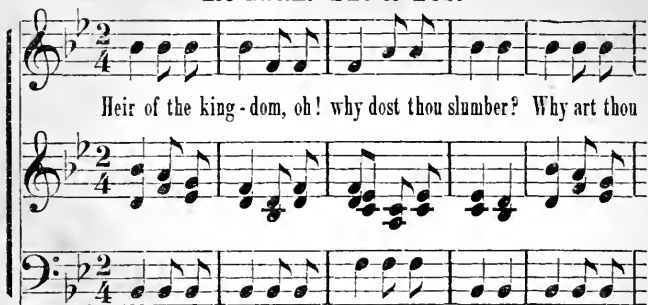
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word :  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;  
They will be called to receive their reward ;  
Then there is rest, there is rest.
- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast ;  
Then there is rest, there is rest.

## 438

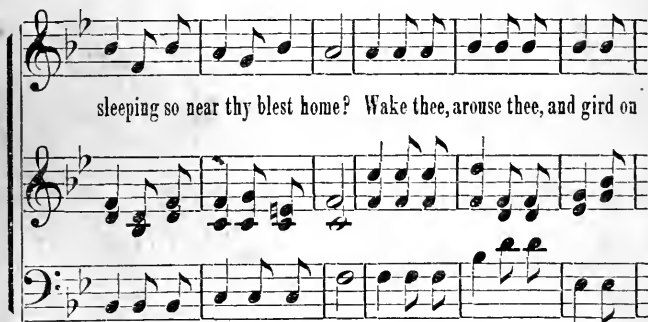
8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 CHRISTIAN ! wherefore yield to sadness ?  
Fix thy heart and hopes above ;  
Look to Jesus—and with gladness,  
Trust his gracious, pardoning love ;  
Trials here will sorely press thee,  
Let thy trust on him be stayed.  
He will cheer, and guide, and bless thee,  
With his ever-present aid.
- 2 Think how kind, how condescending !  
Jesus calls himself thy “ Friend ; ”  
From his throne in glory bending,  
He will every prayer attend.  
He will never, never leave thee,  
Through thy pilgrim days below ;  
Then, at last, he will receive thee,  
And a crown of life bestow.

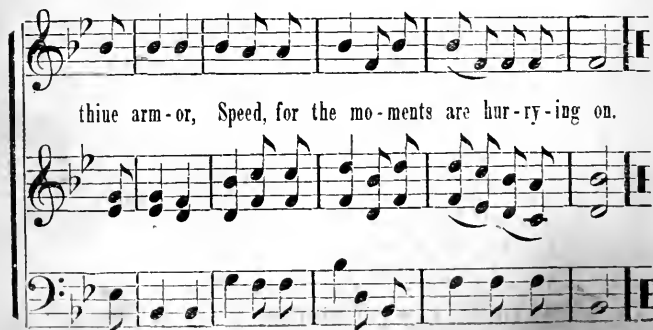
## Rodman. 11s &amp; 10s.



Heir of the king - dom, oh! why dost thou slumber? Why art thou



sleeping so near thy blest home? Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on



thine arm - or, Speed, for the mo - ments are hur - ry - ing on.

- 2 Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?  
 How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?  
 Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;  
 Haste to receive him descending the skies.
- 3 Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,  
 Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;  
 Listen, 'tis naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;  
 Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.
- 4 Stay not, oh! stay not for earth's vain allurements;  
 See how its glory is passing away;  
 Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;  
 Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
- 5 Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;  
 Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;  
 Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;  
 Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

## 440

7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow;  
 Oh! do not our suit disdain;  
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
 In compassion now descend;  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word  
 That may joy and peace afford;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
 Let the time of joy return;  
 Those that are cast down lift up;  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

## Homeward Bound. 10s &amp; 7s.

{ Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,  
 } Toased on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're &c.  
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're &c.

FINE. D. C.  
 homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet harbor, we've rode,  
 Seek ing our Fa-ther's ce-les-tial a-bode,

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;  
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;  
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,  
 We're home at last, home at last;  
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
 We're home at last, home at last.  
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
 Glory to God! we shall shout evermore;  
 We're home at last, home at last.



442

C. M. Double.

- 1 WHAT though the angry waves roll high,  
And darkness reigns around ?  
Let hope be bright in every eye—  
Our ship is homeward bound.  
What though no 'moon nor stars appear  
Amid the gloom profound ?  
We will not yield a place to fear—  
Our ship is homeward bound.
- 2 What though the lightnings glare above,  
And deafening thunders roar ?  
Yet with the eye of faith and love  
We view the distant shore.  
We know that friends will meet us there,  
We loved in life before ;  
And angel forms all bright and fair,  
Line the immortal shore.
- 3 Then let the fearful thunders roar,  
And let the lightnings glare ;  
We're nearing the eternal shore,  
And we are almost there.  
Then heave, ye waves, on every side,  
And onward, homeward bear  
Our fragile bark, 'gainst wind and tide,  
For we are almost there.
- 4 The coward peers, with trembling form,  
Into the gloom profound ;  
But we can smile to view the storm—  
Our ship is homeward bound ;  
And though for us, on time's dark wave,  
No place of rest be found,  
Oh ! let our hearts be true and brave—  
Our ship is homeward bound.

## 443

7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore ;  
There released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.

## 444

7s. Double.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One who loves us to the end.  
Forward then with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares ;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart ;  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints will soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes we have within ;  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these ;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

445

10s &amp; 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare soon will be o'er,  
Oh ! do not fear, do not fear ;  
Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more,  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
What though the night be so dreary and long,  
What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,  
Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song—  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,  
Oh ! do not fear, do not fear ;  
Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul,  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still ;  
Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,  
Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill—  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,  
Oh ! do not fear, do not fear ;  
He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
Oh ! if thou would'st to the end firm endure,  
Keep thy robe holy, and spotless, and pure,  
Victorious faith will make Canaan sure—  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away,  
Oh ! do not fear, do not fear ;  
Then thou wilt enter an eternal day,  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
In the bright kingdom forever to dwell,  
Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell,  
Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell—  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

## Daughter of Zion. 11s.

Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness; Awake, for thy foes

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

shall oppress thee no more. Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of gladness,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

A-rise, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Daught-er of Zi-on,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a half note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

- 2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ; [them,  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued  
In vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness !  
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be.  
Shout ; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,  
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness !  
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

## 447

11s &amp; 8s.

- 1 IF I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,  
And shine, a pure image of thee,  
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break  
The fetters of death, and be free.
- 2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed white,  
To let thy bright features be drawn ;  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.
- 3 Oh ! I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadow of nature all by,  
When this dreary world from my vision is passed,  
To live in an unclouded day.
- 4 I feel the blest morning begins to draw near,  
When time's dreary fancy shall fade ;  
Oh, then in thy likeness may I but appear,  
In glory and beauty arrayed !
- 5 When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,  
Within thy blest mansion, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle his child,  
Oh, I shall be satisfied then !

## Promise. Ss, 7s, &amp; 4s.

{ I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee forsake ;  
 { I will guide, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mercy's sake.

Fear no evil, Fear no e-vil. On - ly all my counsel take.

448

8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

- 1 I WILL never, never leave thee,  
     I will never thee forsake ;  
   I will guide, and save, and keep thee,  
     For my name and mercy's sake.  
     Fear no evil,  
     Only all my counsel take.
- 2 When the storm is raging round thee,  
     Call on me in humble prayer ;  
   I will fold my arms around thee,  
     Guard thee with the tenderest care.  
     In the trial,  
     I will make thy pathway clear.
- 3 When the sky above is glowing,  
     And around thee all is bright,  
   Pleasure like a river flowing,  
     All things tending to delight ;  
     I'll be with thee,  
     I will guide thy steps aright.

- 4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,  
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,  
Through the mists by which 'tis shrouded,  
I will make the light appear ;  
And the banner  
Of my love I will uprear.

449

C. P. M.

- 1 HOW happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,  
In all commotions rest.  
When war's and tumult's waves run high,  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
And lodge in Jesus' breast.
- 2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise ;  
The signs confirm our trembling hope,  
While scoffers still in darkness grope,  
And view them with surprise.
- 3 Thy tokens we with joy confess ;  
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace ;  
The earthquake speaks thy power ;  
The famine all thy fullness brings ;  
The plague presents thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour.
- 4 Whatever ills the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call,  
A sign of Jesus near.  
His chariot will not long delay ;  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
Triumphant Lord, appear.
- 5 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,  
Thy word and mystery to fulfill.  
Thy children to approve ;  
Thy members on thy throne to place,  
And stamp thy name on every face,  
In glorious, heavenly love,

## Nashville. L. P. M.

1. Toil on a little longer here, For thy reward a-

The first system of the hymn consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The melody in the top staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

waits above, Nor droop in sadness or in fear, { Beneath the  
The deeper

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The lyrics are split between the vocal line and the accompaniment lines.

rod that's sent in love; } The sweeter Heaven's balm to heal.  
wound our spirits feel, }

The third system concludes the hymn. It features a final cadence in the vocal line and a sustained chord in the accompaniment. The lyrics are split between the vocal line and the accompaniment lines.



- 2 Faith lifts the vail before our eyes,  
And bids us view a happier clime,  
Where verdant fields in beauty rise,  
Beyond the withering blasts of time ;  
And brings the blissful moment near,  
When we in glory shall appear.
- 3 What glory then shall fill the soul,  
When parted friends again shall meet,  
Beyond the reach of death's control,  
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet ;  
His matchless love and grace adore,  
And never taste of sorrow more.
- 4 Then let us hope—'tis not in vain,  
Though moistened by our grief the soil,  
The harvest brings us joy for pain,  
The rest repays the weary toil ;  
For they shall reap, who sow in tears,  
Rich gladness through th' eternal years.

451

C. M.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine :  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

## 452

10s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright glory above ;  
Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.  
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,  
Home, to the land of the righteous I'll go ;  
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground,  
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound,  
Loosed from death's fetters, and upward we'll soar,  
Joyfully meeting to part nevermore.  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear ;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear  
Ringing with harmony Heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
- 3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low  
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow ;  
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone ;  
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## 453

C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,  
To call thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
Though weakest of them all ;  
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shalt call ?

- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace !  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In that expected day.  
Thy pardoning voice, oh ! let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face ;  
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,  
While Heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of endless grace.

## 454

C. P. M.

- 1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss t' insure—  
Thy utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

## Oak. 6s &amp; 4s.

{ I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand  
{ Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; }

Round me on every hand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.

## 455

## 6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home.  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home,  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.

There'll be the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest ;  
Heaven is my home.

456

6s &amp; 4s.

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Break, every tender tie ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Dark is the wilderness ;  
Earth has no resting-place ;  
Jesus alone can bless ;  
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Here would I ever stay ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away ;  
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine ;  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine.  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void ;  
Jesus has satisfied ;  
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Hail ! immortality ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Welcome, O loved and blest !  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest ;  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast ;  
Jesus is mine !

457

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 LET me go where saints are going,  
 To the mansions of the blest;  
 Let me go where my Redeemer  
 Has prepared his people's rest.  
 I would gain the realms of brightness,  
 Where they dwell for evermore,  
 I would share the joys that wait me,  
 Over on the other shore.

CHORUS.—Let me go, 't is Jesus calls me,  
 Let me gain the realms of day;  
 Bear me over, angel pinions,  
 Longs my soul to be away.

- 2 Let me go where none are weary,  
 Where is raised no note of woe;  
 Let me go and bathe my spirit  
 In the rapture angels know.  
 Let me go, for bliss eternal  
 Lures my soul away, away,  
 And the victor's song triumphant  
 Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

CHO.—Let me go, &c.

- 3 Let me go, why should I tarry?  
 What has earth to bind me here?  
 What but cares and toils and sorrows?  
 What but death and pain and fear?  
 Let me go, for hopes most cherished,  
 Blasted round me often lie.  
 Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,  
 But to see them fade and die.

CHO.—Let me go, &c.

458

H. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
 Attend our humble cry,  
 And let thy servants share  
 Thy blessing from on high:  
 We plead the promise of thy word;  
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

- 2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry ;  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their varied wants supply ;  
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;  
 We, children of thy grace ;  
 Oh, let thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place !  
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name.

459

6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise—  
 Shake off thy care ;  
 Press to thy native skies—  
 Mighty in prayer.  
 Christ, he has gone before,  
 Count all thy sufferings o'er ;  
 He all thy burdens bore—  
 Jesus is there !
- 2 Souls, for the marriage feast,  
 Robe and prepare ;  
 Holy must be such guests—  
 Jesus is there !  
 Saints, wear your victory palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms—  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,  
 Oh ! let me wear.
- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—  
 Jesus is there !  
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure—  
 Thou art its heir.  
 What makes its joys complete,  
 What makes its hymns so sweet,  
 There we our friends shall greet—  
 Jesus is there.

## I Will Follow Thee. Ss &amp; 7s.

1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be.

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp), 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. The system ends with a repeat sign and a final cadence.

Where thou goest, I will follow; Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key and time signature, ending with a final cadence.

## CHORUS.

I will follow thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

The chorus begins with this line. The musical notation features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. The system ends with a repeat sign and a final cadence.

And though all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

The second line of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. It maintains the same key and time signature, ending with a final cadence.



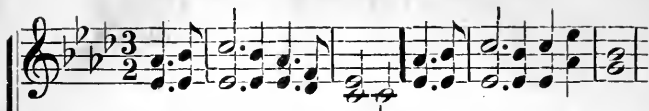
- 2 Though the road be rough and thorny,  
Trackless as the foaming sea,  
Thou hast trod this way before me,  
And I'll gladly follow thee.
- 3 Though 't is lone, and dark, and dreary,  
Cheerless though my path may be;  
If thy voice I hear before me,  
Fearlessly, I'll follow thee.
- 4 Though I meet with tribulations,  
Sorely tempted though I be;  
I remember thou wast tempted,  
And rejoice to follow thee.
- 5 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,  
Poor, forsaken, though I be;  
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,  
And I only follow thee.
- 6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,  
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,  
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,  
And I still will follow thee.

## 461

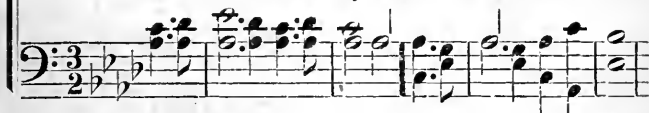
L. M.

- 1 MY hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His promise, covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

## Autumn. 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

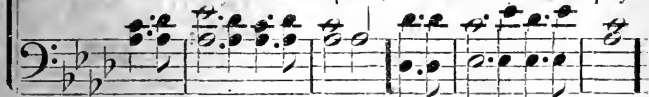


Blessed Jesus, meek and lowly, With us here take thine abode;



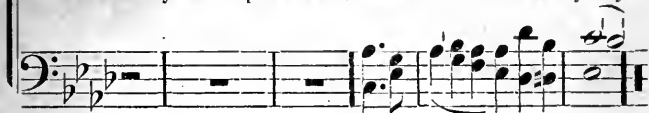
FINE.

We would fain like thee be holy, Humbly walking with our God.  
D. S. Lest without thine aid we perish, Oh! abide with us, we pray.



D. S.

We would thy sweet Spirit cherish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;



## 462

## 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, meek and lowly,  
With us here take thine abode;  
We would fain like thee be holy,  
Humbly walking with our God.  
We would thy sweet Spirit cherish,  
Welcome in our hearts thy stay;  
Lest without thine aid we perish,  
Oh! abide with us, we pray.

- 2 Guide us in the path to Heaven,  
Rugged though that path may be;  
Let each bitter cup that's given,  
Serve to draw us nearer thee.  
In thy footsteps traced before us,  
There we see earth's scorn and frown;  
There is suffering ere the glory,  
There's a cross before the crown.
- 3 In thy vineyard let us labor,  
Of thy goodness let us tell;  
All is ill without thy favor—  
With thy presence all is well.  
While the evening shadows gather,  
Through this dreary night of tears,  
Tarry with us, O our Saviour,  
Till the morning light appears.
- 4 Then with thee may we forever  
Reign with all the good and blest,  
Where no sin from thee can sever,  
Where the weary are at rest;  
There to praise the matchless Giver,  
There with angels to adore  
Him who did through grace deliver  
Us from death for evermore.

463

S. M.

- 1 ONCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name.  
Record his mercies, every heart;  
Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 May we receive his word,  
And feed thereon, and grow;  
Go on to seek and know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.

## Lenox. H. M.

Jesus, at thy command, I launch into the deep.

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

And leave my na-tive land, Where sin lulls all asleep;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

For thee I would the world resign, For thee I would the

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

For thee I would the world resign, For thee I would the world resign, And  
sail to Heaven with thee and thine.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the staves.

464

H. M.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep ;  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to Heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot, wise,  
My compass is thy word ;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord ;  
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guard me with his eye ;  
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,  
And every boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
Through grace I hope to stand  
And sing among the blest.  
Oh ! may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
When wind and storm subside,  
Then to my succor fly  
And keep me near thy side ;  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace ;  
Waft me from all below,  
To Heaven, my destined place ;  
There, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

## 465

C. M. Double.

- 1 ON time's tempestuous ocean wide,  
A gallant ship set sail ;  
And out into the raging deep  
She stood before the gale ;  
Well fitted to abide the storm,  
And angry waters' foam,  
And bring the captives that she bore  
Unto her haven home.
- 2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,  
Six thousand years almost,  
Ere she would make the highland hights,  
Along the heavenly coast ;  
Yet with her sails expanded wide,  
On, on she swiftly flew,  
Bearing with ardent hope and love  
Her passengers and crew.
- 3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,  
And stormy winds rose high ;  
And dark have been the mountain waves  
That bore her to the sky ;  
But o'er them all, with steady helm,  
She onward pressed her way ;  
Her compass, true unto the pole,  
Guides her to endless day.
- 4 Long, long she has been out, and now  
She nears her haven home ;  
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,  
And bids her thither come.  
And voices joyful oft are heard,  
And music swelling high ;  
The land ! the land ! the land ahead !  
With rapture now they cry.
- 5 Now soon will she be safely moored  
And anchored in the bay ;  
And all her passengers on shore,  
Will keep a festal day.

And long their songs of joy will rise,  
Beneath high heaven's dome—  
They've passed the stormy sea of time,  
They've reached their haven home.

466

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee :  
All things else I have forsaken ;  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
While I prove the Lord my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
They have left my Saviour, too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
If that love be hid from me.
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;  
Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## I'm a Pilgrim.

First system of the musical score for 'I'm a Pilgrim.' It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can d. c. I'm a pilgrim, &c.'

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'tarry, I can tarry but a night! Do not detain me, for I'. The word 'FINE.' is written above the treble staff.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'am going To where the fountains are ever flowing.' The words 'D. C.' are written above the treble staff.



**467**

P. M.

- 1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining ;  
Oh ! my longing heart, my longing heart is there ;  
Here, in this country so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light.  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing ;  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 4 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,  
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed ;  
He who has formed thee will soon restore thee,  
And then thy dread curse shall nevermore be.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

**468**

7s. Six lines.

- 1 IF 't is sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer,  
If 't is sweet, with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,  
Oh, how sweet that state must be,  
Where they meet eternally !
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations from above ;  
While we worship in this place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

## 469

11s &amp; 8s.

- 1 O BROTHER, be faithful ! soon Jesus will come,  
For whom we have waited so long ;  
Oh, soon we shall enter our glorious home,  
And join in the conqueror's song.  
O brother, be faithful ! for why should we prove  
Unfaithful to him who hath shown  
Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—  
Who died to redeem us his own.
- 2 O brother, be faithful ! the city of gold,  
Prepared for the good and the blest,  
Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,  
And welcome thee into thy rest.  
Then, brother, prove faithful ! not long shall we stay  
In weariness here, and forlorn,  
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,  
We haste to the glorious morn.
- 3 O brother, be faithful ! He soon will descend,  
Creation's omnipotent King,  
While legions of angels his chariot attend,  
And palm-wreaths of victory bring.  
O brother, be faithful ! and soon shalt thou hear  
Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,  
Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear,  
To enter the joy of thy Lord.
- 4 O brother, be faithful ! eternity's years  
Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,  
When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears.  
And a coronet gleam on thy brow.  
O brother, be faithful ! the promise is sure,  
That waits for the faithful and tried ;  
To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,  
And ever with Jesus abide.

## 470

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground ;

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going take thee to their home.

471

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 PILGRIMS, on ! the day is dawning;  
Strike your tents, and homeward haste;  
Sleep not while the blush of morning  
Calls you on the desert waste.  
Though the way be dark and dreary,  
Life's sharp anguish must be borne;  
Courage, then, ye faint and weary,  
Linger not to weep and mourn.
- 2 Pilgrims, on ! the storm is beating,  
Beating wildly on your way:  
Tarry not, the time is fleeting;  
Shall the storm your footsteps stay?  
Hasten on, through joy and sorrow,  
Let whatever may betide,  
Wait not for the calm to-morrow,  
Faithful at your work abide.
- 3 Pilgrims, on ! what though in dangers,  
Life's eventful course pursue;  
Labor on, ye friendless strangers,  
Grace will guide you safely through.  
What if trials must befall you!  
What if fierce temptations rise!  
Shall earth's bitter strife appall you  
While contending for the prize?
- 4 Pilgrims, on ! there's rest in Heaven,  
Rest from every anxious care,  
Rest in Jesus' smiles, forgiven,  
Peaceful and eternal there.  
Oh ! 'twere sweet to toil in sadness,  
Oh ! 'twere well the cross to bear,  
If, at last, in joy and gladness,  
We may rest forever there.

## The Eden Above.

{ We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly,  
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,

The home of the hap - py, the king - dom of love, }  
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove, }

## CHORUS.

Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go,

Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove

- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish  
 Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove.  
 Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,  
 Oh ! say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go ? &c.

- 3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,  
 Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove ;  
 No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression ;  
 Oh ! say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go ? &c.

- 4 No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,  
 The heirs of His glory whose nature is love ;  
 No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy ;  
 Oh ! say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go ? &c.

- 5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,  
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move ;  
 Oh ! come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,  
 And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Will you go ? &c.

## 473

11s.

- 1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren ? Come, let us arise ;  
 Oh ! why should we slumber in sight of the prize ?  
 Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
 Oh ! let us be zealous, awake, and repent.
- 2 Oh ! how can we slumber ? our foes are awake,  
 To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;  
 T' accomplish their object, no means are untried ;  
 The careless they comfort, the wakeful, misguide.
- 3 Oh ! how can ye slumber ? backsliders, look round,  
 Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound ;  
 Oh ! fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day ;  
 While mercy is waiting, oh ! make no delay.

## Eden. 12s &amp; 11s.



D. C. I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with de-



light through the Eden of love.



2 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love.

Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation.  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;  
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of love.

475

12s &amp; 11s.

- 1 BE patient, be patient, no longer despairing, [heart;  
Though bright hope deferred fills with sorrow thy  
Though bitter the cup that thy soul has been sharing,  
Let not fond affections from Heaven depart.  
Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving,  
He'll come for his children who for him are grieving.  
Oh! wait for the promise of glory receiving,  
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.
- 2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,  
Will guide through the shades that encompass the way.  
The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before thee,  
Let not sore afflictions and trials dismay.  
Upward to God be the heart's adoration,  
Where ever are flowing pure streams of salvation.  
Redemption is nearing! Oh, seek preparation!  
Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.
- 3 Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,  
Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride;  
Through toil and affliction, temptation and danger,  
The saints must be purified, made white, and tried.  
Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,  
Be faithful, proclaiming the last notes of warning.  
Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morning  
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.
- 4 Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,  
And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.  
Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,  
Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.  
Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,  
With love, peace, and joy, will surround them forever,  
Where naught shall e'er cloud, or their sweet union sever,  
With the King in his beauty they'll reign evermore.

## Worthy is the Lamb. P. M.

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes.

Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb That was slain.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff provides a supporting accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across measures.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise him, hal - le - lu - jah,

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff provides a supporting accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across measures.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff provides a supporting accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across measures. The system ends with a double bar line.



- 2 Saviour, let thy kingdom come !  
 Now the man of sin consume—  
 Bring thy blest millennium,  
 Holy Lamb.

CHO.—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Thus may we each moment feel,  
 Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
 Till we all on Zion's hill  
 See the Lamb.

CHO.—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

## 477

9s & 8s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
 And all the midnight shadows flee,  
 Tinged are the distant skies with glory,  
 A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
 Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,  
 Thy name is graven on the throne,  
 Thy home is in that world of glory  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
 Calmly composed and dauntless, stand;  
 For lo, beyond those scenes emerges  
 The heights that bound the promised land.  
 Christian, behold, the land is nearing,  
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;  
 Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering !  
 See in what throngs they range the shore.
- 3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,  
 Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;  
 The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory  
 Invite thy happy soul away.  
 Away, away, leave all for glory,  
 Thy name is graven on the throne;  
 Thy home is in that world of glory  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

478

C. P. M.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress  
My comrades in the wilderness,  
Who still your burdens feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond the vale of tears,  
To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Look far beyond this narrow space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode.  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
Strong in the strength of God.
- 3 Who suffer with their Master here,  
Shall soon before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirit up;  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

479

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;  
Let some drops now fall on me!
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy rest on me.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?  
Long been slighting, grieving thee ?  
Has the world my heart been keeping ?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me !

4 Pass me not, O Holy Spirit !  
Thou canst make the blind to see ;  
Testify of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.

## 480

11s.

- 1 HOW prone are professors to rest on their lees,  
To study their pleasure, their profit, and ease ;  
Though God says, Arise, and escape for thy life,  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 2 Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe,  
'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message receive ;  
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,  
And tell you that lions are found in the way ;  
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 4 How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled !  
With specious temptations how many defiled !  
Oh, be not deluded, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasure afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord ;  
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to choose,  
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife.

481

7s &amp; 6s.

1 SPEAK often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined ;  
Though trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies ;  
Take courage, brother pilgrim,  
And soon you 'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day,  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumb'rous clay ;  
He'll polish and refine you  
From worthless dross and tin,  
And to his heavenly kingdom,  
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion  
Of our Redeemer round,  
And in dissolving raptures,  
Be lost in love profound ;  
While all the flaming harpers  
Begin the lasting song,  
With hallelujahs rolling  
From the unnumbered throng.

482

10s.

1 THROUGH this dark valley of conflict and sin,  
Trials without and temptations within,  
Onward to glory, still urge thy lone way,  
Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.  
In every danger thou hast a sure guide,  
To every cloud there is yet a bright side ;  
Falter then not at the sternest behest,  
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

- 2 Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,  
Forceth her young from their covert so high;  
Then if strength faileth, beneath them she flies,  
On her wings beareth them safe to the skies;  
So will the arm of Jehovah uphold:  
In each affliction his mercies unfold;  
Murmur then not that he stirreth thy nest,  
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.
- 3 Never of Providence dare to complain;  
Sunshine and storm both must ripen the grain;  
Tried is the gold that the purest will shine;  
Crushed is the vintage that yieldeth the wine.  
He who the end from beginning can tell,  
Works for thy good, for he doeth all well:  
This, that prepares for the mansions of rest—  
Ever remember—is all for the best.
- 

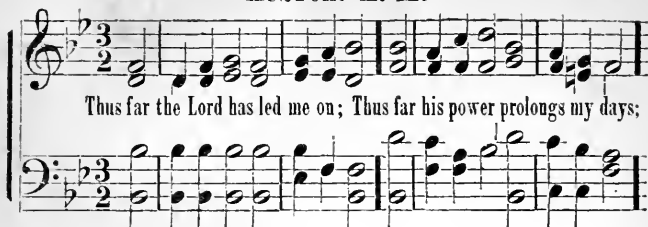
## FAMILY DEVOTION.

483

7s.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone,  
Now is past the early dawn;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noonday clear,  
Banish every doubt and fear;  
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,  
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 When our work of life is past,  
Oh! receive us all at last;  
Labor then will all be o'er,  
Sin's dark night will be no more.

## Hebron. L. M.



484

L. M.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus if the night of death should come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

485

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O mighty King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Be thou my guardian while I sleep ;  
Thy watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 4 Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis Heaven on earth, 'tis Heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.
- 5 Teach me this fleeting life to live,  
So that the grave no dread shall give ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the Judgment day.

486

L. M.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command,  
To thee devote my nights and days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

487

S. M.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way,  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great original,  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care ;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy kingdom I would spend  
A bright eternity.

488

L. M.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 Oh ! like the sun may I fulfill  
Th' appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.



489

L. M.

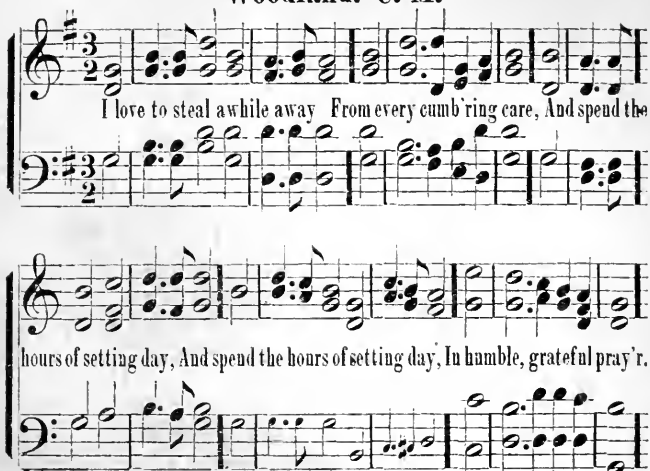
- 1 MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The light of thy returning day ;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest :  
Eternal King, erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 Oh ! bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away ;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

490

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
Sin and want we come confessing ;  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us ;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
Thou art he, who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn of glory wake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

## Woodland. C. M.



## 491

## C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love, in solitude, to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think of mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view  
Of brighter scenes to come;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here away from home.

492

C. M.

- 1 GIVER and guardian of our sleep,  
To praise thy name we wake ;  
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day  
We thankfully receive ;  
Oh ! may we only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Uphold us with thy mighty hand ;  
Our words and thoughts restrain ;  
And bow our souls to thy command,  
Nor let our faith be vain.
- 4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour  
Which shall salvation bring ;  
When all we are shall own thy power,  
And call our Jesus King.

493

C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life, oh ! may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
And undisturbed repose.
- 3 Oh ! let the same parental care  
My waking hours attend ;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My trembling steps defend ;
- 4 Smile on my moments as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

494

C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on thee.

495

C. M.

- 1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,  
Whom thou in love hast given,  
Remain regardless of thy word,  
Without a hope of Heaven ?
- 2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,  
And save our children dear ;  
Now send thy Spirit from on high,  
And fill them with thy fear.

- 3 Oh ! make them love thy holy law,  
And joyful walk therein ;  
Their hearts to new obedience draw ;  
Save them from every sin.

496

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
Oh ! may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And if we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh ! may we in thy bosom rest—  
The bosom of thy love.

497

S. M.

- 1 THE Saviour kindly calls  
Our children to his breast,  
He folds them in his gracious arms ;  
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 Let them approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble claim ;  
The heirs of Heaven are such as these ;  
For such as these I came.
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee ;  
Imploring that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

## Warwick. C. M.

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice

The first system of the hymn 'Warwick. C. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 2/2 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, featuring chords and moving lines. The lyrics 'Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice' are written below the top staff.

as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di-

The second system continues the hymn with three staves. The lyrics 'as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di-' are written below the top staff.

rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

The third system concludes the hymn with three staves. The lyrics 'rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.' are written below the top staff.

498

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.
- 4 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

499

C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eye ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules on high.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound ;  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus scatters all its gloom;

Day of triumph through the skies, See the glorious Saviour rise.

500

7s.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;  
Day of triumph through the skies,  
See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade ;  
Drive your anxious cares away ;  
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian ! dry your flowing tears ;  
Chase your unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.



## 501

7s.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,  
To the world in kindness given ;  
Welcome to this humble breast,  
As the beaming light from Heaven.
- 2 Day of calm and sweet repose,  
Gently now thy moments run ;  
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,  
Till our labor here is done.
- 3 Holy day that most we prize,  
Day of solemn praise and prayer,  
Day to make the simple wise,  
Oh ! how great thy blessings are !
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,  
With thy influence all divine ;  
May thy hallowed hours be blessed  
To this waiting heart of mine.

## 502

L. M.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And every labor of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescues man  
His brighter form of glory shines ;  
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died ;  
The noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would forever speak his name  
In tones to mortal ears unknown ;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

## 503

L. M.

- 1 ALL things are thine : no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts ! to offer thee ;  
And hence, with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
- 2 Thy will was in the builders' thought ;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,  
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.
- 3 No lack thy perfect fullness knew ;  
For human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer, this home of rest—  
Here may thy saints be often blest.
- 4 In weakness and in want we call  
On thee, for whom the heavens are small ;  
Thy glory is thy children's good,  
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.
- 5 O Father ! deign these walls to bless ;  
Make this th' abode of righteousness ;  
And let these doors a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to thee !

## 504

C. M.

- 1 THERE is an ancient, blessed book,  
Sent down from age to age ;  
Admiring angels bend to look  
Upon its hallowed page.
- 2 Preserved by wondrous care and skill,  
For our instruction given,  
It speaks of God, and shows his will,  
And points the way to Heaven.
- 3 Oh ! let us seek for heavenly grace  
To hear and read aright !  
Till we behold the Saviour's face,  
And faith gives place to sight.

505

C. M.

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be ;  
One inward life partake ;  
One be our heart ; one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One wisdom be our guide ;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Around this feeble, trusting band  
Thy sheltering pinions spread,  
Nor let the storms of trial beat  
Too fiercely on our head.
- 5 Then, when, among the saints in light,  
We all immortal shine,  
Anthems of everlasting praise,  
Dear Saviour, shall be thine.

506

L. M.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;  
Prepare us to receive thy word ;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts on things above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy ;  
And may we in thy faith and fear  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

## Coronation. C. M.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known,

2. Behold your King, your Saviour crowned With glories all divine,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Coronation. C. M.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part harmony in treble and bass clefs respectively. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first line of music corresponds to the first verse, and the second line to the second verse.

The Sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne;

And tell the wond'ring nations round How bright those glories shine;

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and harmony from the first system. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the notes on the staves.

The Sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow be-fore his throne.

And tell the wond'ring nations round How bright those glories shine.

The third system of musical notation, completing the hymn. It follows the same three-staff format as the previous systems. The lyrics are aligned with the notes on the staves.

508

C. M.

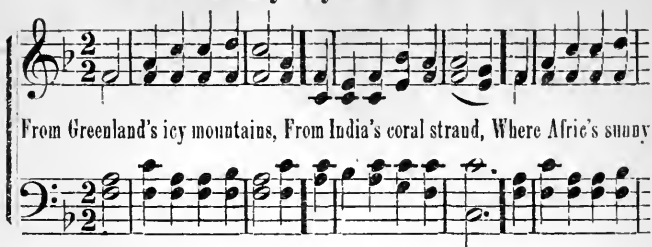
- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

509

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name ;  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant, weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh ! that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We, at his feet, may fall ;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

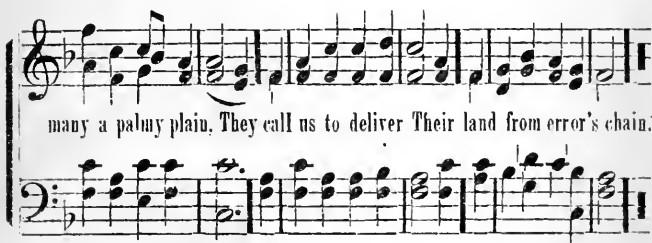
## Missionary Hymn. 7s &amp; 6s.



From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny



fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river. From



many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
     From India's coral strand,  
     Where Afric's sunny fountains  
     Roll down their golden sand,  
     From many an ancient river,  
     From many a palmy plain,  
     They call us to deliver  
     Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, oh, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
• Till earth's remotest nation  
Has heard Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
Returns, on earth to reign.

511

8s &amp; 7s.

1 VAIN were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless ;  
Vain, without his grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of Heaven,  
That on human strength relies ;  
But to him shall help be given  
Who in humble faith applies.

## 512

C. M. Double.

- 1 THOU Coming One, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day ;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.  
Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
Oh ! let our souls on thee be cast,  
In all-prevailing prayer.
- 2 The power of interceding grace,  
Give us in faith to claim ;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.  
Till then thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou appear below,  
Be this the cry of every heart—  
I will not let thee go.
- 3 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me ;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.  
Then let me on the mountain-top,  
Behold thy open face ;  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in joyful praise.

## 513

C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given ;  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to Heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears,  
And life, and light, and joy imparts,  
And banishes our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.



514

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
    Bearing precious seed in love,  
    Never tiring, never sleeping,  
    Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
    Bright the rays celestial shine ;  
    Precious fruits will thus be given,  
    Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
    Let no fears thy soul annoy ;  
    Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
    Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !  
    See the rising grain appear ;  
    Look again ! the fields are whitening,  
    For the harvest time is near.

515

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a house in Heaven built,  
    The temple of the living God,  
    The tabernacle true, where guilt  
    Is washed away by precious blood.
- 2 Long since, our High Priest entered there,  
    Who knows the frailties of our frame,  
    Who loves to hear his people's prayer,  
    And offer to our God the same.
- 3 The daily ministry he bore,  
    Till ended the prophetic days ;  
    He opened then the inner door,  
    To justify the sacred place.
- 4 Before the ark of ten commands,  
    On which the mercy-seat is placed,  
    Presenting his own blood, he stands,  
    Till Israel's sins are all erased.

## Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s. Six lines.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea;  
 D. S. Chart and compass came from thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

Unknown waves before me roll. Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;

516

7s. Six lines.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me  
 Over life's tempestuous sea;  
 Unknown waves before me roll,  
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Chart and compass came from thee;  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 When the apostles' fragile bark  
 Struggled with the billows dark,  
 On the stormy Galilee,  
 Thou didst walk upon the sea;  
 And when they beheld thy form,  
 Safe they glided through the storm.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 'Tween me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
 May I hear thee say to me,  
 Fear not, I will pilot thee.

517

7s. Six lines.

- 1 TILL He come—oh ! let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords ;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how Heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—Till he come.
- 2 When the weary ones we love  
To the silent land remove,  
Though the earth seems poor and waste,  
All our life-joy overcast,—  
Hush ! be every murmur dumb ;  
It is only—Till he come.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;  
Would we have one sorrow less ?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper—Till he come.

518

L. M.

- 1 BY living faith we now can see,  
In the most holy place on high,  
Jesus, our advocate and friend,  
Who gave himself for us to die.
- 2 A minister of holy things,  
At God's right hand exalted high,  
He pleads his own, his precious blood,  
That chosen Israel may not die.
- 3 Once was he offered—once for all,  
A sacrifice for guilty man—  
What wondrous, what unbounded love  
Is seen throughout salvation's plan!
- 4 All glory to his holy name !  
To those who love him will he come  
The second time ; then to redeem  
And take them to his glorious home.

519

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning  
Of fair Zion's glory dawn ?  
Have the signs that mark its coming  
Yet upon thy pathway shone ?  
Pilgrim, yes ! arise, look round thee ;  
Light is breaking in the skies ;  
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,  
Morning dawns, arise ! arise !
- 2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way ;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day ;  
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea  
All the saints of God, now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.
- 3 Watchman, hail the light ascending  
Of the grand, Sabbatic year ;  
All with voices loud proclaiming  
That the kingdom now is near ;  
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,  
Canaan's glorious hights arise ;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Tow'ring 'neath its sunlit skies.
- 4 Watchman, in the golden city,  
Seated on his jasper throne,  
Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone ;  
There on sunlit hills and mountains,  
Golden beams serenely glow ;  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.
- 5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers ;  
On, just yonder ! oh, how cheering !  
Bloom forever Eden's bowers !

Hark ! the choral strains are ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air,  
See the millions, hear them singing,  
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

520

7s &amp; 6s. •

1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking  
Before the Father's throne,  
The Spirit's power is seeking  
To make its virtues known.  
The sprinkled blood is telling  
Jehovah's love to man,  
While heavenly harps are swelling  
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

2 The sprinkled blood is speaking  
Forgiveness full and free,  
Its wondrous power is breaking  
Each bond of guilt for me.  
The sprinkled blood's revealing  
A Father's smiling face,  
While Jesus' love is sealing  
Each monument of grace.

3 The sprinkled blood is pleading  
Its virtue as my own,  
And there my soul is reading  
Her title to Thy throne.  
The sprinkled blood is owning  
The weak one's feeblest plea ;  
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,  
It pleads, O Lord, with thee.

4 Oh, wondrous power that seeketh  
From sin to set me free !  
Ah, precious blood that speaketh !  
Should I not value thee ?  
The sprinkled blood is shedding  
Its fragrance all around,  
It gilds the path we're treading,  
It makes our joys abound.

## 521

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

## 522

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 I CAN see beyond the river,  
Over Jordan's dashing tide;  
There I'll be with Christ forever,  
By my Saviour's bleeding side.
- 2 Over there is no more weeping,  
Over there all pain is o'er;  
I shall rest in Jesus' keeping,  
I shall droop and die no more.
- 3 Over there is no more sinning,  
Over there are sunny skies;  
Crowns of fadeless beauty winning,  
Blooming flowers of Paradise.
- 4 Over there I'll find my treasure—  
Jewels lost long, long ago;  
Love and bliss, in fullest measure,  
There my raptured heart shall know.

- 5 Over there all are immortal ;  
 Over there is no more night ;  
 And the city's pearly portal  
 Now almost appears in sight.
- 6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me,  
 Where the Lamb will ever reign—  
 Where the loved of earth will greet thee,  
 And we ne'er shall part again ?

523

8s & 7s. Double.

1. LIFT the voice and sound the trumpet,  
 Watcher on the mountain high ;  
 Roll the clarion notes around thee ;  
 Shout, as fleets the passing night.  
 Lift the voice in words of warning ;  
 Wake the slumbering hosts below ;  
 Cry aloud, Behold the dawning ;  
 Rouse, and gird to meet the foe !
- 2 Lift the voice !—Lo, weak and dying,  
 Warriors struggling, faint and fall ;  
 Bid them fight ! on God relying ;  
 Jesus comes to conquer all !  
 Lift the voice in notes of gladness ;  
 Ring the shout along the sky ;  
 Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness ;  
 Sing ! rejoice ! your God is nigh.
- 3 Lift the voice like music blended  
 With heart-healing minstrelsy ;  
 Cry, Thy warfare now is ended ;  
 Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee !  
 Soon beyond time's night of sadness,  
 Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing ;  
 Eye to eye shall see with gladness,  
 When the Lord shall Zion bring.

## Newburgh. C. M. Double.

There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed;  
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 3/2 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here annoy, Then

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves.

they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy.

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written between the staves.



524

C. M. Double.

- 1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace  
For those with cares oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest.  
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,  
And doubts which here annoy ;  
Then they that oft have sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.
- 2 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more ;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore.  
There purity and love appear,  
And bliss without alloy ;  
There they that oft had sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.

525

C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings o'er your head.
- 4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

## CLOSING HYMNS.

Unity. 6s &amp; 5s.

When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When shall peace

The first system of the hymn is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff with a soprano line, and a bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a half rest in the fourth measure of each staff.

wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe

The second system continues the hymn with the same three-staff format. The melody in the treble staff features a long note with a fermata over it in the fourth measure. The vocal and bass staves follow the same rhythmic pattern.

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no never.

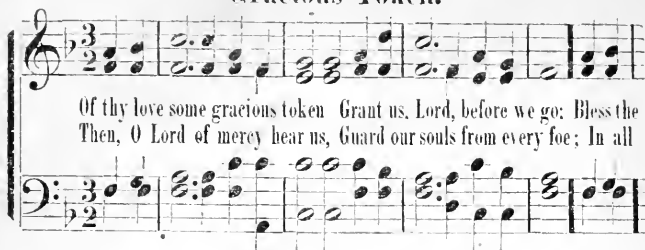
The third system concludes the hymn. The treble staff ends with a final cadence, and the vocal and bass staves also conclude with a final note and a fermata. The key signature remains two flats throughout.

526

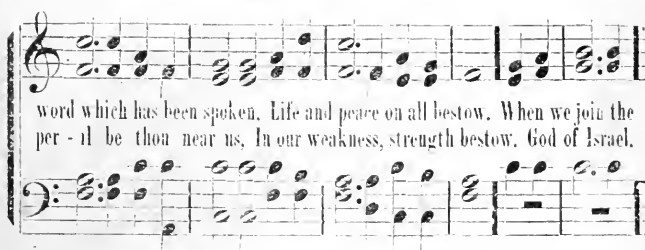
6s &amp; 5s.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ?  
When shall peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever ?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never ! no, never !
- 2 When shall love freely flow  
Pure as life's river ?  
When shall sweet friendship glow,  
Changeless forever ?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill,  
Never ! no, never !
- 3 There, to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour,  
May we all there unite,  
Happy, forever ;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel,  
Never ! no, never !
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ;  
There will peace wreath her chain,  
Round us forever ;  
Our hearts will then repose  
Free from all worldly woes ;  
Our songs of praise shall close,  
Never ! no, never !

## Gracious Token.



Of thy love some gracious token Grant us, Lord, before we go: Bless the  
Then, O Lord of mercy hear us, Guard our souls from every foe; In all



word which has been spoken. Life and peace on all bestow. When we join the  
per - il be thou near us, In our weakness, strength bestow. God of Israel.



world again, Let our hearts with thee remain; Oh! direct us, Oh! pro-  
bue our stay, While we tread life's rugged way: Nor forsake us, Till thou



tect us, Till we gain the heavenly shore. Where thy people want no more.  
take us. To thyself to dwell with thee, Through a bright e - ter - ni - ty.

527

P. M.

- 1 OF thy love some gracious token,  
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;  
Bless the word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace on all bestow.  
When we join the world again,  
Let our hearts with thee remain ;  
Oh ! direct us,  
Oh ! protect us,  
Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
Where thy people want no more.
- 2 Then, O Lord of mercy, hear us,  
Guard our souls from every foe ;  
In all peril be thou near us,  
In our weakness, strength bestow.  
God of Israel, be our stay,  
While we tread life's rugged way ;  
Nor forsake us,  
Till thou take us  
To thyself, to dwell with thee  
Through a bright eternity.

528

7s.

- 1 MAGNIFY Jehovah's name !  
For his mercies, ever sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let his ransomed flock rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 To the Lord their God they cry ;  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race ;  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace !

## Old Hundred. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ! Praise Him, all creatures here below !

Praise him above, ye heavenly host ! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

530

L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

531

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**532**

L. M.

- 1 THY presence, ever-living God,  
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 To thee we now commit our ways,  
And still implore thy heavenly grace;  
Still cause thy face on us to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 3 Give us within thy house to raise  
Again united songs of praise;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

**533**

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
Oh, refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

**534**

8s &amp; 7s. Double.

- 1 PRAISE the God of all creation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—  
Priest and King, enthroned above;  
Praise the Fountain of salvation,—  
Him in whom his people live;  
Undivided adoration  
To the Lord Jehovah give.

535

C. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood,  
And set the prisoners free ;  
And make us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

536

7s.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past and present and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love,  
Praise him from the depths beneath ;  
Praise him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

537

L. M.

- 1 NOW may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead  
To living streams his little flock ;  
May he in flowery pastures feed,  
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.
- 2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,  
And gladly answer to his call ;  
Now may our hearts in him rejoice  
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.
- 3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
And small and great before him stand,  
Oh ! may the flock assembled here  
Be with the saved at his right hand.



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John Brown

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